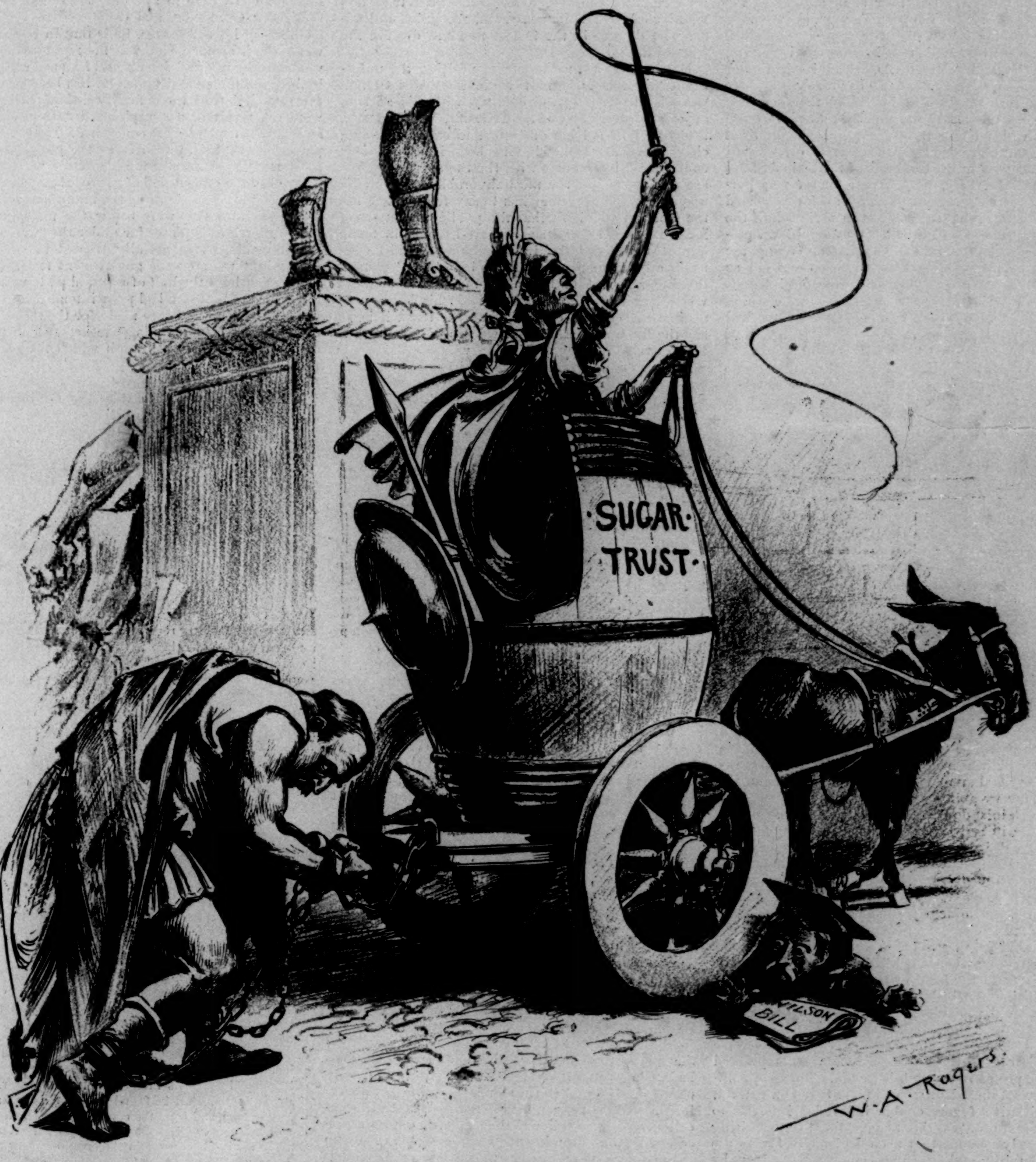
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVIII.—No. 1968.
Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


·SUGAR·
TRUST·
WILSON
BILL
W. A. Rogers.

GORMAN'S TRIUMPH—A HUMILIATING SPECTACLE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
(Twenty-four Pages.)
Published
New York City, September 8, 1894.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR. IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE TRUE ISSUE.

AMONG the many public utterances of President **Cleveland** none has been more characteristic than his recent letter to Mr. **Catchings**, in which he gave his reasons for permitting the so-called **Gorman** tariff bill to become a law without his signature; and in that letter there is no sentence more pregnant with weighty meaning than this: "The Trusts and combinations—the communism of pelf—whose machinations have prevented us from reaching the success we deserved, should not be forgotten nor forgiven. We shall recover from our astonishment at their exhibition of power, and if then the question is forced upon us whether they shall submit to the free legislative will of the people's representatives or shall dictate the laws which the people must obey, we will accept and settle that issue as one involving the integrity and safety of American institutions." In this sentence Mr. **Cleveland** has touched a phase of the protective tariff question which the American people have been only too much inclined to overlook, but which has been set forth in a glaring light by the recent occurrences in the Senate.

We have seen in the Congress of the United States members of the party, put in power for the very purpose of reforming the tariff, stand up for protected manufacturing interests, and use in their behalf the identical arguments with which the Republican protectionists had been in the habit of defending the principle of protection. These renegades were so shameless in their zeal for those protected interests as to throw overboard the whole theory upon which the party to which they pretended to belong had made the fight against the protective policy, thus virtually branding that fight as a wicked attempt to injure the public welfare; for if their arguments used in behalf of the protected interests were right, all efforts to disturb the protective system have been wrong. President **Cleveland** certainly did not go too far when he denounced such conduct as treason to the party and its cause.

But the individual treachery of a few persons in places of power was in itself not the worst feature of that distressing spectacle. The worst was that the protected interests, the "communism of pelf," which they served, proved actually strong enough to baffle the Congress of the United States in its efforts to give to the country a tariff law measurably conforming to the pledges of the ruling party. We saw some of those interests, which had been coddled into greatness and arrogance by the protective system, hold the highest law-making body of this republic in their clutch, and forcing it to do their will. We saw the majority in Congress helplessly wriggling in the coils of that giant serpent. We felt the insidious agency of corrupting influences darkly moving about in high places, and poisoning the very springs of legislation. We found ourselves face to face with a power threatening to turn this government of the popular will into a government of systematic corruption. And now the question confronts us, "What are we going to do about it?"

We certainly do not underestimate the economic effect of tariff legislation upon the prosperity and the material well-being of the people. But we have always insisted that the tariff question is not a mere question of schedules and rates; that its economic side is by no means its only important one. The tariff question is pre-eminently one of political morals. It does indeed involve the integrity of republican government. There are some things which can be done in a monarchy, where the legislative impulse largely proceeds from the head of the government, without demoralizing the body-politic, but which cannot be done without such demoralization in a democratic republic, where legislation entirely originates in representative bodies. The carrying on of a protective policy is one of those things. We do not pretend that the protective system is the only source of political corruption. But we do affirm that you cannot, by legislative favors, enable industrial interests to make great profits without suggesting to enterprising and greedy persons that such legislative favors are worth buying; and you cannot encourage men sent by the people into legislative bodies to bestow favors of such pecuniary value without suggesting to them that a price might be put upon them. Thus the protective system offers every imaginable inducement and opportunity for corrupting on the one hand, and for being corrupted on the other. Therefore we affirm that while, indeed, the protective system is not the only source of political corruption, it is in a republic the most systematic and the most powerful promoter of it. The longer the protective policy lasts, the more systematic and powerful will its corrupting influence become, until at last, as the American people have now witnessed, to their consternation and shame, it grows strong and insolent enough to defy with its arrogance and to baffle with its power even the expressed will of the people.

This is the true issue which the tariff-reformers have now to place before the country. If the American people wish to remain the masters of their own household, if they wish to preserve the moral vitality of their institutions, they must break the economic system which, in the very nature of things, corrupts everything it touches, and they must thrust or keep out of power every man, to whatever party he may pretend to belong, who gives his service to that system. No more purchase and sale of laws! This is a battle-cry which the people will understand better than the finest disquisitions upon *ad valorem* and specific duties, and which goes straight to the core of the question. An honest fight on this issue may even save the Democratic party, in spite of the sorry exhibition it has made of itself. To prove the sincerity of its faith, and to make the people believe in that sincerity, it will, of course, have to throw overboard with resolute frankness the treacherous tricksters who have betrayed its cause, and recognize no leaders who do not in the fullest measure deserve the trust of the people.

Here we cannot refrain from noticing the unfortunate circumstance that while President **Cleveland** is electrifying the country with his stirring appeals, his Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. **Carlisle**, is engaged in a laborious effort to explain away a charge accusing him of having been in suspiciously confidential intercourse with the Sugar Trust. We are willing to put the most favorable construction upon what the Secretary has to say for himself, but the fact is undeniable that the public utterances of Mr. **Carlisle**, as well as the part he took in framing the sugar legislation in the Senate tariff bill, were uniformly far more calculated to help the interests of the Sugar Trust than to hurt them. At the moment when President **Cleveland** sounds his bugle note against the corrupt despotism of the trust, it is, to say the least, deplorable that we should see a Secretary of the Treasury at his side whose character is not high enough and whose position is not clear enough wholly to relieve him of the necessity of making any explanations concerning his fidelity to the aims of his chief. We fear Mr. **Carlisle** has ceased to add anything to the moral weight of the administration. In fact, the administration should not be exposed to the distrust which Mr. **Carlisle** has managed to arouse against himself.

THE ARMOR-PLATE FRAUDS.

THERE is something so essentially treasonable in the armor-plate frauds that the general silence—and especially the silence of the inculpated firm—is astonishing. When the conduct of the leading employés of **Carnegie, Phipps, & Co.** and that of the Sugar Trust is considered, it is difficult to comprehend why the revelations concerning them have not stirred up a consuming blaze of public indignation. One is involuntarily impelled to wonder if the sentiment of indignation is dead in the country, and if the great manufacturing corporations have dictated legislation to Congress so long that the people have forgotten that their own powers are usurped; that they are taxed against their own wills; that their institutions have been partially overthrown; and that they accept as a settled fact that the government is to be preyed upon and robbed, in the natural order of things, by the despotic and selfish autocrats of our revenue laws. Certain it is, at all events, that Chairman **Cummings**'s report has been received in a spirit so quiescent, so listless and indifferent, indicating such unconsciousness of the depravity of those who committed the frauds, as to suggest a doubt of the soundness of the morality of the medium at least through which revelations of this kind are conveyed to the public.

When the armor frauds first came to the knowledge of the country there had been a settlement between the government and the firm of **Carnegie, Phipps, & Co.** It was then understood that the frauds had consisted in securing unearned premiums; that plates presented for ballistic and physical tests had been overtreated in order that they might appear to be better than the standard, and might secure for the makers the reward offered for superlative excellence. It was believed then that the plates represented by these fraudulent examples were at least up to the minimum required by the government, and that they must have been accepted. What fraud there was seems to have been admitted by Mr. **Carnegie** and Mr. **Frick**, for they paid the fine determined upon, the measure of damages being the excess which the government had been wrongfully compelled to pay. This fine was reduced by President **Cleveland**, against the protests, or at least the convictions, of the Secretary of the Navy and Captain **Sampson**, the head of the Bureau of Ordnance.

At this time nothing known at the Navy Department connected the heads of the firm with the frauds, and it was semi-officially announced that it was probable that the guilty parties were young men who were at the head of the armor-shop, one of whom, at least, had an interest in the increased profit accruing to the firm from the premiums or bounties of which the government had been defrauded.

No sooner were the facts concerning the first revelations of fraud published than other accusations followed. The first information was laid by workmen in the shops, and they received as their reward a substantial part of the fine recovered by the government. This excited the cupidity of their fellow-workmen, and soon charges were made of frauds so stupendous, so far-reaching, so criminal, that the accusers, and not the accused, became the objects of suspicion. The end of the investigation has been reached, however, and the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives has reported that the charges have been substantiated.

It is unnecessary to go largely into the details of the frauds which have been perpetrated on the government at the **Carnegie** armor-shop. Some of the daily newspapers have published the report in full. It is sufficient here to say that the report made by Chairman **Cummings**, and concurred in by all the members of his committee, finds that in our ships of war there is armor which will not resist cannon fire, weakened by internal defects, and fastened to the ships by bad and undersized bolts. It has been proved, to the satisfaction of the committee, that these frauds were the result of a conspiracy, in which foremen and superintendent were concerned. Holes in armor plates were filled up to deceive the government inspectors. The stamp of the inspectors was stolen in order that the official seal of approval and acceptance might be put upon plates by the manufacturers themselves. Plates that were below the minimum, and which represented plates far under the government's requirements, were specially treated in order that they might undergo the government tests. In one instance at least the half of a sound plate was substituted for the half of a bad plate intended for ballistic test. False templets were made for the measurement of bolts, and false records were kept which made it appear that processes through which the plates had not passed, but which were required by the specifications of the Navy Department, had been applied. So widespread and involved were the ramifications of fraud that it is difficult to believe that the swindling was not deliberate, and that the members of the firm were not cognizant of it. As for the inspectors, who were officers of the navy, nothing has been said in explanation of their lack of care or their fitness, or in defence of those who selected amateurs to supervise the work of skilled steel-makers.

The grave character of the offence which has been committed makes it incumbent upon the law officers of the government to probe the case to the bottom, and to bring the guilty parties to justice. The frauds are essentially an attack upon the life of the nation. To corruptly furnish defective armor to our battleships bears a strong resemblance to treason. It would assuredly be that crime if the fraud were committed in time of war, and when a public enemy was in arms. There has already been too much condonation of offences against the government. It is high time that an example should be made for the behoof of the many who appear to regard the Treasury as a legitimate object of prey.

THE NEW YORK JUDICIARY ARTICLE.

THE provisions of the judiciary article, which has passed the Committee of the Whole in the New York Constitutional Convention, are such as, on the whole, to commend it to the approval of the people. In its preparation, Mr. **Elihu Root**, the chairman of the committee, has had the assistance of the best legal minds and the advice of a number of the judges of the various courts of the State. It has had the severe scrutiny of the convention, and has been carefully and intelligently framed, not as a departure from existing forms and usages, but to render them more symmetrical, and to simplify and expedite the processes of litigation.

The elective judiciary of the State, which has had being for nearly fifty years, has worked well, and such changes as have occurred in its composition and modes of procedure have been mainly those made necessary by the constantly increasing business before it. Amendments to and revisions of the system have from time to time been made, but the principle upon which it is based has been preserved. It is still adhered to in its integrity. It is, however, apparent that some relief must be found from the delay in bringing causes to trial, and from the congestion to which the calendar of the court of last resort is subjected. A temporary remedy for the latter was in the creation, a few years ago, of a second division of the Court of Appeals, but it was inadequate, and unsatisfactory in that it inspired decisions conflicting with those of the permanent body, and failed to command the fullest measure of respect. It expired by limitation, not without accomplishing good results, but the evil still remains that the highest tribunal consumes much of its time in considering issues which should properly be concluded in the lower courts. The proposed article will, it is believed, cure this evil, not by increasing the number of the appeals judges, nor by restricting appeals by the amount involved, but by limiting the court, except in certain specified cases, to the review of questions of law, relegating questions of fact to inferior jurisdiction. This will be an immense relief, as well as a wise discrimination, and it is hoped that the court, still constituted of seven judges, and with their present tenures, will be able promptly and efficiently to adjudicate all cases presented to it.

In order to promote the trial of causes, delay in which is the grievance of the large cities especially, and is almost tantamount to a denial of justice, the number of Supreme Court justices is increased by twelve, three of whom are to be elected in the first, three in the second, and one in each of the other judicial districts, no change being made in the boundaries of the present districts nor in the terms of the justices. The Supreme Court is to be further re-enforced, upon the first day of January, 1896, by the incorporation with and the transfer to it of the judges of the Superior Court and the Court of Common Pleas of the City of New York, the City Court of Brooklyn, and the Superior Court of Buffalo, their judges, however, sitting only in the counties in which they were elected or appointed, but their separate clerks' offices and the other machinery of their administration being abolished. The enlargement of the number of judges of the Supreme Court, vital to New York and Kings, and probably necessary in the seventh and eighth districts, may incite something of criticism in the rural districts, but such criticism is met by the consideration of the greatest good of the greatest number, and should not be persuasive as against the article.

From the justices of the Supreme Court the appellate division thereof is formed. For that purpose the Legislature is to divide the State into four judicial departments, the first department to consist of the county of New York, and the others to be bounded by county lines as compact and equal in population as possible. In the first department there are to be seven, and in the other departments five, justices, to be designated by the Governor, the presiding justice in each to act as such during his term of office, and the associate justices for five years each, unless their service is abridged by the expiration of their elective tenure. By definitions of the powers and limitations of the appellate division both its dignity and independence are conserved, notably by the finality of its judgments and the relief of its members from circuit or special-term assignments. Thus it will be seen that more clearly than heretofore the province of each court, from trial in the first instance, through the intermediary agency, with its cognizance both of law and fact, to the ultimate review of the law, is set forth. It would appear that a system thus precise in its definitions and logical in its sequences would enure to the benefit both of the courts and of suitors before them. Much certainly of the confusion and perplexities, the delays in trial and the overcrowding of calendars, which make reform exigent, would be avoided. Improvement in judicial tribunals, as in politics or statecraft, must proceed from experience, and experience teaches that there must be improvement in our judicial methods. The Constitutional Convention, by its scheme, will do something to formulate a better order than has obtained.

There are several other features of the judiciary article to which reference may be made. Courts of session, which have long outlived their usefulness, if they ever had any, are abrogated, and their jurisdiction is conferred upon the county courts. The side judges, as useless as ridiculous, are thus retired. The jurisdiction of county courts is increased to include actions against residents of the county for the recovery of money only to the amount of $2000, and the Legislature may not further enlarge it in such cases. County judges and surrogates in counties having a population exceeding 120,000 are prohibited from practising law, thus doing away with a practice always unseemly and sometimes scandalous. Judicial pensions, with a reservation in favor of those who are or who may be entitled to them under existing provisions, are prohibited. Neither judges of the Court of Appeals nor judges of the Supreme Court shall hold any other office or public trust, and all votes for them for such offices or trusts shall be void. Such are the principal features of the new judiciary article, which, well meant and well considered, will appeal to the suffrages of the people.

THE CITIZENS AND THEIR PROBLEM.

A BODY of citizens who happen to be members of the Chamber of Commerce, but who do not represent that body, have called a meeting for the purpose of nominating a citizens' candidate for Mayor. It is well that there should be given this evidence, and at this time, that the citizens of New York are determined to do all in their power to defeat Tammany Hall at the coming municipal election, and, as an important step to that end, to prevent the loss of opportunity presented by the existing state of the public mind and conscience through the greed and ambitions of party politicians. The non-partisan movements that have now been entered upon embrace a sufficient number of voters to command attention from the State Democracy and the Republicans who are more concerned in securing good government than in temporary party success. A short time ago the problem was to induce the politicians who for various reasons desired the defeat of Tammany Hall to unite. The terms of the problem now seem to be changed somewhat. If the various independent movements come together the politicians will be compelled to drop their partisanship, and to accept the leadership of men who are generally forced to vote as primaries and conventions dictate.

If a candidate is nominated by the citizens at a mass-meeting, however, great care is necessary in the selection of the man. It will not answer that he is a man of good character and of ability as a business man merely. The next Mayor of New York, if he is an anti-Tammany man, will have need of all the astuteness and far-sightedness of a trained politician. He will have every condition and man in the public service against him. He must meet all the arts of the sharpest Tammany politicians. The head of every department—the Comptroller, the Commissioner of Public Works, the Street-cleaning Commissioner, the Corporation Counsel, the Aldermen, and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment—will be eager to make his administration a failure.

The mere statement of these facts is sufficient. Probably the situation has been carefully considered and reflected upon by the leaders of the citizens' movement, but there have been indications that many men who want to do something to bring about municipal reform are considering the names of men who have won the respect of their fellow-citizens by their integrity and success in business. Such qualifications are essential for the reform candidate this year, but besides them he ought to possess a knowledge of shifty politicians and their crooked ways if his administration is to be so beneficial to the city that his successor will be also an anti-Tammany Mayor.

COSTLY MISTAKES OF CONGRESS.

THERE is a class of attorneys in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington who have looked forward with the greatest interest to the passage of the new tariff law. They are the "refund" attorneys, whose chief business is to discover flaws in the laws of Congress, and to profit by them. These attorneys have gained some millions of dollars in the past quarter of a century by the carelessness of Congressional committees or Congressional clerks, and there is every reason to believe that they will reap a rich harvest from the errors which have crept into the WILSON bill.

The WILSON bill, as reported to the Senate by the Finance Committee last February, contained about 50,000 words. It made a volume of more than 200 of the large pages customary in Congressional bills, printed in large type, with ample spacings and margins. By the time the Senate got through amending it, it was a great deal longer. The MCKINLEY bill, as it came from the House of Representatives, was only sixty-seven pages long, but the amendments to it made in the Senate Committee on Finance filled 162 pages, and amounted to 40,000 words. Next to the MCKINLEY bill in length, in the record of the engrossing clerks of Congress, was the inter-State commerce law, which contained 8000 words. It is a physical impossibility in copying so many words to avoid making errors. The fact that laws are now printed on parchment instead of being engrossed with the pen makes the liability of accident in copying a little less. Proof-reading is easier on the printed page. But where every comma has an exaggerated value (and a comma in a tariff act may be worth a million dollars or more to the government), it was to be expected that costly errors would fill the new law. Twenty-five or thirty have already been discovered, and more will undoubtedly appear.

The costly errors made in the past have not all been attributable to the engrossing clerks either. Where so many subjects are handled (there are 690 in the WILSON bill, as well as more than 100 paragraphs relating to the administration of the law) something must be neglected. The Treasury Department officials who examined the WILSON bill for the Senate Committee discovered over 400 errors in it. It has been found, now that the bill has become a law, that some errors of consequence escaped even the vigilance of the Treasury experts.

But even if the bill, as it came from the committee, had been perfect, there was still an avenue for the introduction of costly errors. The many amendments brought in by authority of the Finance Committee changed in a great measure the character of the bill. It has been found that in some of these changes recommended by the committee alterations of other parts of the bill were made necessary, and these alterations were neglected. There is little doubt that the new law, like its predecessors, will be made the subject of vexatious litigation, and that it will cost the Treasury Department many millions of dollars in refunds of duties which technically have been illegally collected.

Here are some of the mistakes in other tariff bills which have resulted in heavy loss to the government: In the tariff act of 1883 a paragraph known as the "charges" paragraph was repealed. This paragraph provided that in adjudging the value of goods the brokers' charges and commissions and the value of cartons and boxes in which goods were shipped should be taken into account. A New York attorney of limited practice, looking over the law of 1883, saw this paragraph, and knowing the practice of the Treasury Department, concluded that it had been misinterpreted. He went to a number of importers and obtained authority to bring a test case in the courts. He claimed that, with the "charges" paragraph repealed, duty could be collected only on the naked goods imported. The courts sustained the attorney's view of the matter. The Treasury Department was obliged to refund to importers the duties collected for a number of years on the goods as invoiced from abroad, which included the cost of wrappings, etc. The attorney had a contingent interest in the result of the litigation. The decision made him independently wealthy. This attorney, like most of those who bring suits for refunds, was a custom-house broker who had graduated into the law.

Another suit which made fortunes for the lawyers was a suit under the law of 1872 for refunds of duties on tropical fruits. To encourage the orange industry of the South, Congress inserted in the tariff law a paragraph admitting free of duty all "fruit-plants, tropical and semi-tropical." Tropical fruits were on the dutiable list. The engrossing clerk, copying this paragraph, wrote "fruit, plants," instead of fruit-plants. Strange to say, none of the Treasury experts or the importers saw the flaw. But some sharp lawyers got hold of it, and went quietly among the importers of tropical fruits and submitted a proposition for a claim against the Treasury Department to them. Two legal firms got most of the cases. They did not even have to bring suit. They laid the matter before the Secretary of the Treasury, and the technical justice of their position was so far beyond question that a refund of the duties collected on all tropical fruits subsequent to the passage of the law was ordered. The fees of the attorneys in these cases amounted to more than $500,000.

A case of much interest to importers of silk goods under the law of 1883 involved the classification of silk ribbon. The manufacturers of this ribbon ran a cotton thread through it, and demanded that it be entered as a manufacture of which silk was a component part, instead of as silk ribbon. The use of the cotton thread was evidently a trick; but the courts sustained the silk-ribbon men, and the ribbon thus treated was admitted at 35 per cent., instead of 50 per cent., which it should have paid.

Another case under the law of 1883 involved the classification of tobacco. Congress made a tobacco schedule which varied with the proportion of leaf or filler in the importation. But Congress unfortunately did not provide a unit for computing this proportion, and when the Treasury Department took the commercial unit—the "hand" or bunch—the importers brought suit, and got a decision from the courts that the bale should be the unit. This decision has cost the government several millions of dollars.

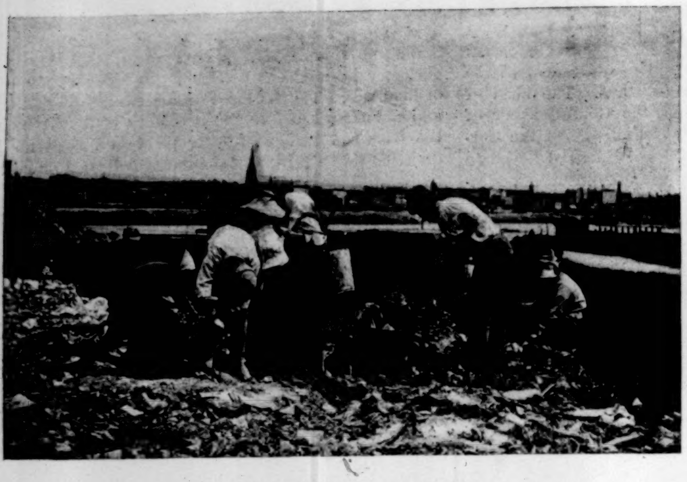
The latest and most important piece of tariff litigation was the celebrated hat-trimmings case. The law of 1883 was amended by inserting in the paragraph relating to hat-trimmings "or any other substance or material not specially enumerated or provided for in this act." The word "similar" would have made the meaning of this provision clear. But under the ambiguous wording of the paragraph certain attorneys claimed that any material which might be used as hat-trimming was dutiable as hat-trimmings at 20 per cent. This included a number of manufactures of silk on which duties had been collected at 50 per cent. The courts decided that the importers were right, and ordered several millions refunded to them.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

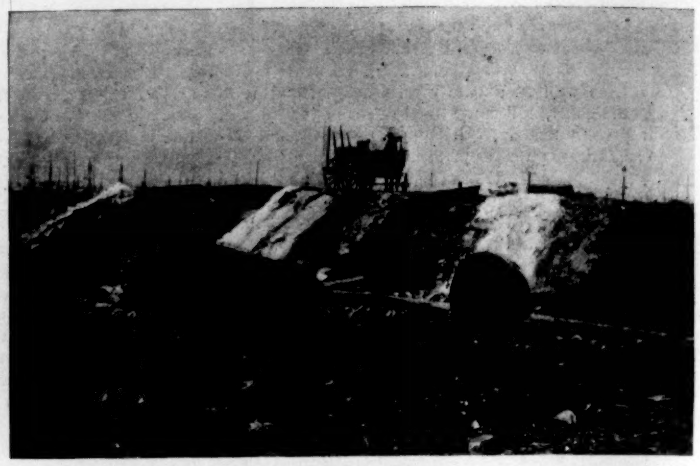
THE whole trend of civilization is away from capital punishment. Men still living can recall when there were more than a hundred capital crimes in England—among them being the shooting of a rabbit and the larceny of five shillings—and when for some of them the punishment was not merely death, but torture, followed by the official mangling of the body. To-day there are but three or four capital crimes at most in any civilized country, and in many countries only a single one, namely, murder in the first degree. In this country several States have abolished capital punishment altogether, and a sentiment in favor of such abolition has become so general that consideration of the subject before the present Constitutional Convention was inevitable.

The real question at issue, therefore, is not whether this and all other civilized communities will ultimately give up capital punishment, but whether or not we are ready to do so here in New York at the present time. The arguments pro and con are threadbare, and need not be repeated here. The question will be considered at length before the convention. It will probably be answered in the negative. In that event there is another phase of the subject that certainly merits consideration. Even supposing it desirable to retain capital punishment for a time longer as the most severe example, would it not be well for New York to follow the example of Iowa, and give the jury in a trial for murder in the first degree the option of fixing the penalty at death or at imprisonment for life? That a jury would sometimes gladly avail itself of that privilege—a jury, too, composed of men having no conscientious scruples against the death penalty—was shown in the recent MEYER trial in New York, in which the jury, in order to avoid fixing the penalty of death in a case in which they felt there was a possible doubt of guilt, rendered the illogical verdict of murder in the second degree. This case is corroborative of the claim often made that more convictions would be secured under a law imposing life imprisonment than under one imposing the penalty of death—a claim that summarizes the very strongest argument against the death penalty, since the real preventive influence of the law is exercised through the certainty of punishment rather than the character of punishment.

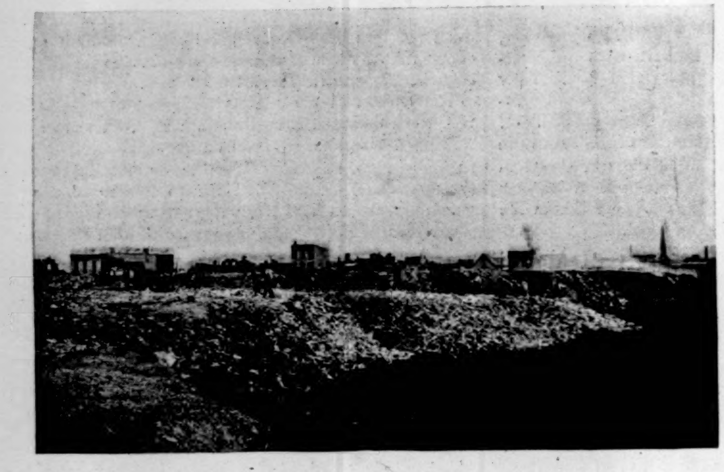
It may be said that in the MEYER trial the jury accomplished the end here suggested, and imposed a life sentence, and this of course is true. But it is quite conceivable that a more logical jury might, in a case where a possible doubt existed, let a guilty man go altogether free rather than impose the death sentence, even though they believed him guilty. The most ardent advocate of capital punishment must admit that it is an awful responsibility to take away a man's life in a case where even a shadow of a doubt of guilt exists. To permit the jury in such a case to elect life imprisonment instead of the irremediable penalty would surely promote rather than retard the ends of justice—provided always that wise limitations were placed upon the pardoning power. Under such a provision it would probably come to pass here, as in Iowa, that the death penalty would be imposed less and less frequently, and we should learn to do away with capital punishment gradually, and thus avoid any disadvantages that might result from a sudden change of our law. That evolution is better than revolution applies to the making of minor laws as well as to larger affairs of state.



GARBAGE-PICKERS AT WORK.



PIGS FEEDING ON REFUSE.



THE DUMP, FOOT OF COLUMBIA AND LORRAINE STREETS.

BOYS SWIMMING IN WATER COVERED WITH GREEN SLIME AND GARBAGE.

SCENES AT THE GREAT GARBAGE-DUMP AT RED HOOK, BROOKLYN.

BROOKLYN SOLVES THE GARBAGE PROBLEM.

"SPEAKING of this garbage problem that you New-Yorkers are making such a fuss about," said the Old Residenter, "I presume none of you have ever taken the trouble to inquire and find out that the problem has been solved right at your very door. It's amusing to hear all the discussion and disagreement about this alleged problem on your side of the river, when just over the bridge Brooklyn sits placidly, with Q. E. D. written after the problem. If you New-Yorkers were a little less high-headed you might learn a good many things from your neighbors, and this is one of them. Now I see you are of an inquiring mind, so I want you to come with me, and I will show you what the garbage problem looks like after it has been settled in a manner at once simple, efficient, and picturesque."

"See here," you interpolate, as your guide is conducting you along Norman Avenue, and you come to the marsh back of the Standard Oil Company's works, where several sewers empty in plain view just in front of a row of houses, and some hundreds of yards or so from Newtown Creek, into which the sewers purport to empty—"see here! That doesn't look much like solving the garbage problem, does it?"

"Garbage problem! That has nothing to do with the garbage problem. That is something altogether different. I did not say Brooklyn had solved the *sewage* problem, to which you evidently now intend to refer. On the other hand, though, since you mention it, I do not say she has not settled it. Do you see those boys down there enjoying themselves wading in the stream of sewage and playing about its edges? Aren't they having a good time? And have you no regard for the pleasures of childhood? Those boys you see can play there right in sight of their parents' front windows just across the way, and so be kept under observation. The water is shallow, and cannot drown them. Boys *will* go to water to play, you know, and if it were not for this stream of sewage those boys would, in all human probability, be swimming over in Newtown Creek at this moment, and of course you know what that would mean. No? Why, simply that every now and again one of the boys would take a dive, and get stuck in the slime at the bottom of the creek, and remain there. That happens every now and then, as you must know if you read the papers. These boys are altogether safe from such danger, because this sewer water has been provided for them to play in right at their doors."

"But their health?"

"I expected you to say that. If you were posted you would know that sewer gas is utterly harmless. Bacteriologists have shown that it is usually freer from germs than the ordinary air aboveground. And as for the odors, a bad smell never killed any one yet. The boys like it, as you can see for yourself, and the Board of Health must be satisfied that there is no harm in it, or they wouldn't allow the sewers to remain open this way. I am inclined to think they regard sewer water as positively healthful. Otherwise, why should they locate the free bathing-houses right beside the sewer outlets? Your New York authorities do the same thing—anchor a bathing-house right up against a big sewer mouth, and invite the public to come along and get clean. It must be wholesome, or they wouldn't do it. Of course you and I might not like to go into such water, but that's a mere sentiment on our part. The great majority do not agree with us, for thirty or forty thousand of them go to the free baths every hot day and enjoy themselves. Maybe they don't get very clean, but they have a good time, and surely you don't begrudge them that. Good times are pretty rare with the poor wretches, I can tell you, and it's a mighty charitable thing for the cities to remember them in this way.

"Ah, here we are, though! Now you can see what happens when a wide-awake town like Brooklyn takes hold of a problem like this matter of garbage. Isn't that neat?"

You are standing in an open space of several blocks size, bounded by Briggs, Graham, and Union avenues, and Richardson Street. Blocks of houses bound the square on all sides. Within the square the ground has evidently been originally low and marshy, and in some places is so still, but for the most part it has been filled in evidently with garbage to the depth of thirty or forty feet. Off to your right loads of garbage have just been dumped, and a company of Italians, with a woman at their head, are scavenging, filling great sacks with pickings from the refuse.

Your companion waves his hand across the field with an air of triumph. "There!" he says. "What do you think of that? The contractor who is paid by the city to handle that garbage sublets the privilege of picking it over to the Italian woman you see there, and those men are her employés. The bonfires beyond are burning the more combustible portions of the worthless refuse. That is cremation of garbage, about which they are talking so much, reduced to first principles. It costs us no thousands of dollars for furnaces. The open air is good enough for us. But cremation isn't the last word about this garbage question either, though the owners of patent furnaces try to make you think it is. Look to your left here."

So admonished, you look off towards Graham Avenue, and there see a house standing a little apart from the others, within the charmed circle of garbage-made ground. In the doorway stands a woman of gigantic proportions, with sleeves rolled up, and a general air of satisfaction with the world at large. In front of the door and all about the house are heaps of garbage of a newer stratum than that on which the house stands, and roaming over these piles of refuse are—mammoth swine!

"Well, I never!" you gasp.

"I should say not. I told you it was something neat and unique. A pretty bit of pastoral life breaking in on the monotony of a great city, isn't it? But utility is its chief beauty after all. Talk about your disinfectants! What is electrozone or any other zone to a fine group of porkers like that? Your street-cleaning commissioner talks of putting up a $37,000 plant to make disinfectant at Rikers Island. The thing is preposterous. Let him put his money into a drove of swine instead, and Rikers Island will soon be what it should be. Not but what the disinfectant is doing well enough up there. I admit that it is. But your disinfectant isn't a permanency, and, besides, it is expensive. Now if you were to adopt the natural method—that is, the pigs—you would make a mint of money out of the job. After the island was thoroughly disinfected by this method, you could sell the porkers at a great profit. That is what the old lady over there in the house does with hers. She is known hereabouts as the Queen of the Dump, but there is another woman who contests the title—the one who handles the garbage down by the creek, at the dock alongside the glue factory."

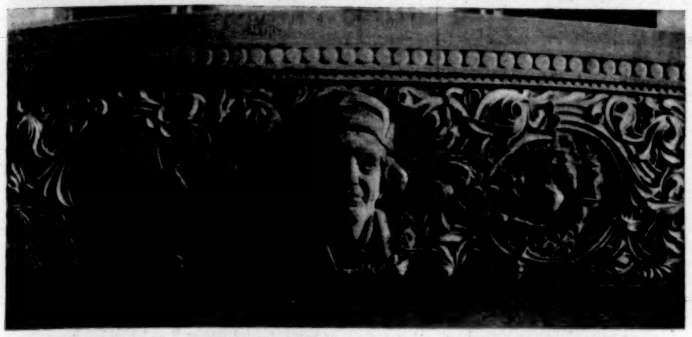
"But don't the people hereabouts object to this garbage dumping?"

"Oh, not very much. You see, Newtown Creek has such a bad reputation that if any odors were to come from the dump they would be ascribed to the creek. And, by-the-way, that reminds me of a queer thing about some of your people up in the annexed district of New York. You know my olfactories have been developed to a fine edge by residence near Newtown Creek, so I can usually detect any odor that is going. Well, the other morning I went to Rikers Island. It was a murky morning, and at low tide, and the wind was from the east, so everything was favorable for getting the aroma of the island. But I couldn't get a whiff of odor from the mainland nor until our boat got pretty well over toward the island, and then it wasn't very bad, for the disinfectant is getting the better of it for certain. Electrozone isn't like pigs, but it is a good thing in its way. Yet the very afternoon before I went over there a lot of citizens from the annexed district had been down holding a great indignation meeting before the Mayor, and claiming that the smell was still simply frightful. I thought it must be a case of hallucination, especially since I was told that the people smelled Rikers Island just as easily when the wind was blowing its odors in the other direction as when it was coming their way. But a man up there told me I hadn't got the matter quite right. The hallucination theory might account for some of the people, he said, but it didn't account for all of them. He told me that a prominent resident of the annexed district, named Daly—he's your Commissioner of Public Works now, isn't he?—had for a long time had a garbage contract, and had for several years dumped refuse at Casinobia, which is directly opposite Rikers Island, on the mainland, and so about a mile nearer the residence districts of the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards than Rikers Island is. He said he didn't remember reading about any indignation meetings then. Afterward Daly dumped for a while over at Rikers, he said, and still there was no complaint. But finally there was some sort of disagreement among the powers that be, and the dumping contract went to another man. And since then, he said, it seemed to him that the friends of Mr. Daly were the keenest-nosed men he had ever seen. When other folks couldn't smell anything at all, they were simply unable to endure the odors of the island—and you wouldn't have thought them very sensitive men, either, from their looks. They were even afraid of getting typhoid fever from the odors, too, though everybody knows that the germs of typhoid never float in the air. Queer, wasn't it? But there are lots of queer things in this world.

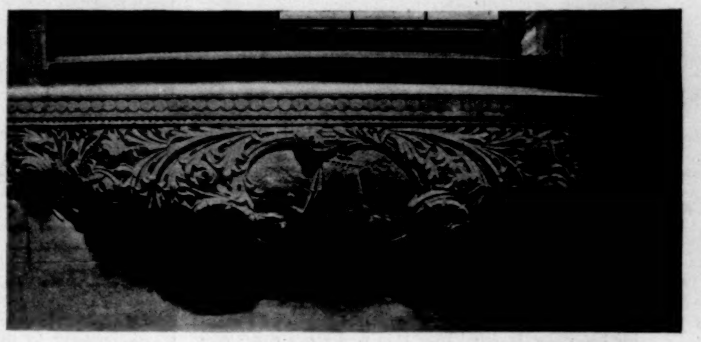
"Just ahead of us over here is one of them. Do you see that cloud of white dust in the air? Ah! You get the odor, too, do you? It comes from those lime-kilns that extend through from North Ninth to North Eleventh streets, near Driggs Avenue. They manufacture lime from oyster-shells, of which you see a small mountain there, and they retail the dust and odors gratis. Yes, it is rather a nuisance right here in this thickly settled district, but I suppose there is some reason for its being allowed to stay here. There are reasons for nearly everything, you know, if you can only find them out. For example, I have heard there is an unpublished reason why your Commissioner of Street Cleaning prefers disinfectants for garbage to our pigs, or to cremation, or any of these other ways. But of course I don't know. Anyway, it would do no harm to tell him how we have solved the problem over here, and that there is no patent on our pigs.

"Yes, that trolley will take you to the Twenty-third Street Ferry. Good-day."

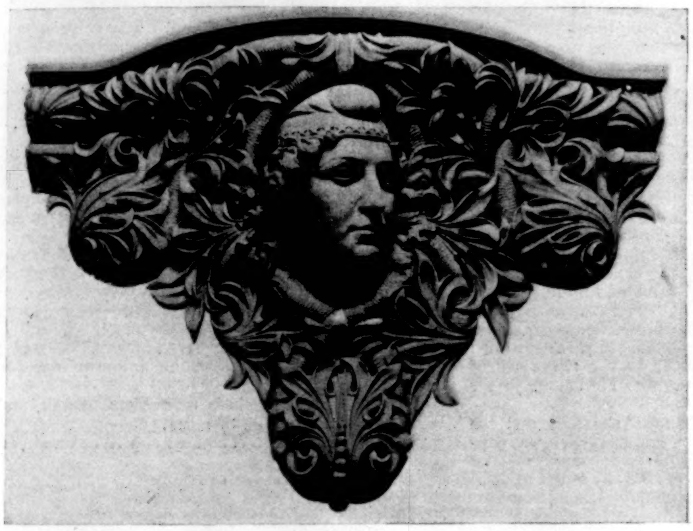
HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.



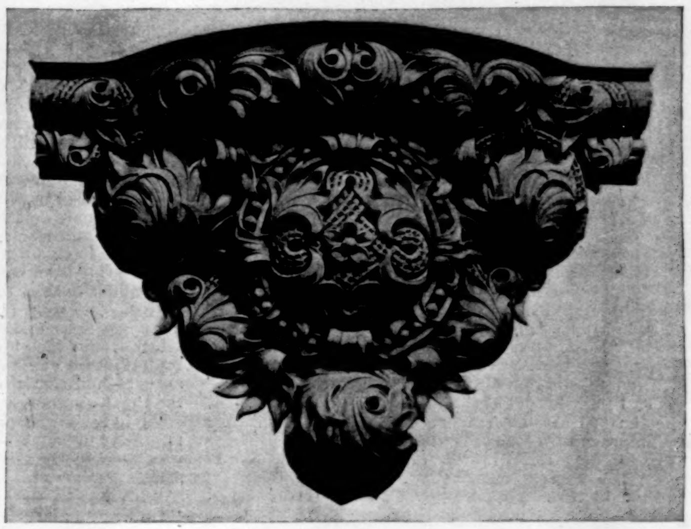
CORBEL UNDER BALCONY, WESTERN STAIRCASE, THIRD FLOOR.



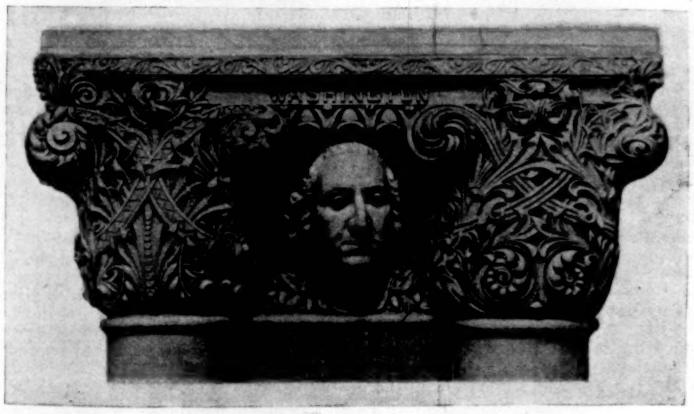
CORBEL UNDER BALCONY, WESTERN STAIRCASE, THIRD FLOOR.



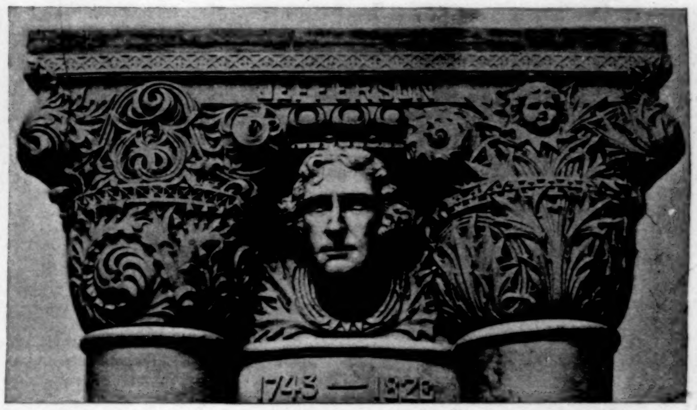
CORBEL, SOUTH TERRACE, OVER COLONNADE, EASTERN APPROACH.



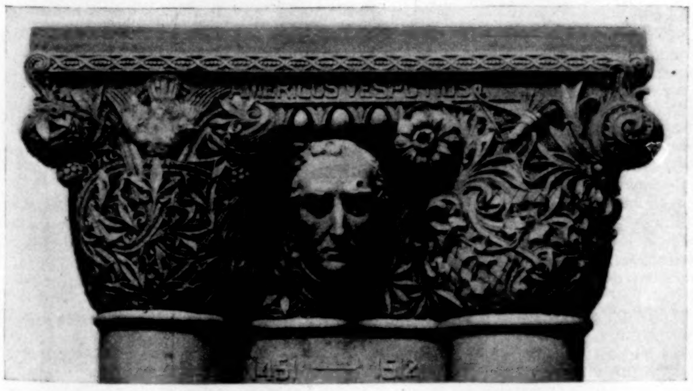
CORBEL, SOUTH TERRACE, OVER COLONNADE, EASTERN APPROACH.



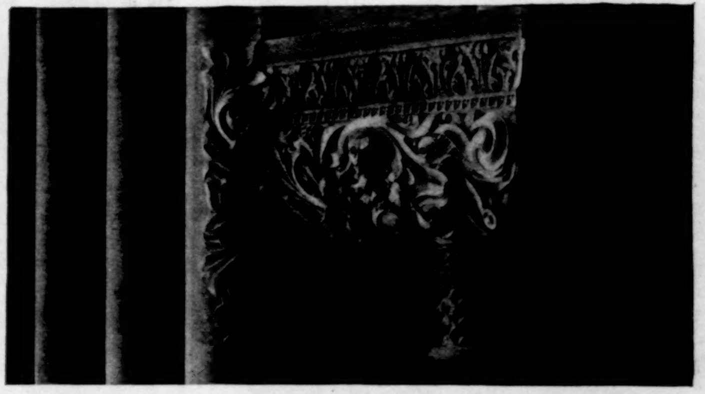
CAPITAL IN WESTERN STAIRCASE.



CAPITAL IN WESTERN STAIRCASE.



CAPITAL IN WESTERN STAIRCASE.



CAPITAL IN WESTERN STAIRCASE.

THE WESTERN STAIRCASE IN THE STATE CAPITOL, ALBANY, NEW YORK.—[See Page 857.]

SOME EXAMPLES OF THE STONE CARVING.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XIX.—(*Continued.*)

"SUCCESS."

IN the smoking-room other men gathered round. Matthew introduced Herbert to Trapp, the realistic novelist, and Herbert introduced Matthew to Sir Frederick Boyd, the composer, who related with gusto a story of how he had exposed a cheat at Monte Carlo. A Scotch landscape-painter asked Matthew to recommend him a model. Two Associates joined the group. One of them was Cornpepper, externally unchanged save for a round beard. But there was no talk of principles, as in the days of his bohemian parties, when Carrie with the whiskey-bottle stood for the sober club attendant with his tray of liqueur brandies. The conversation was rigidly concrete, except for a moment when Cornpepper nearly came to hot words with the Scotch landscape-painter, who insisted that Nature was always beautiful. The little man, glaring through his monocle and rasping the plush armchair with his nails, insisted that this was sheer cant; one had only to look in the glass to see how ugly Nature could sometimes be! Selection was the only excuse for art. Random transcripts from Nature were as foolish as the excesses of the Neo-Japanese school, into which the Azure Art Gallery had degenerated. But this lapse of Cornpepper's into his early manner was brief. Recovering himself, he told a malicious anecdote about an artist who was taking to etching because his eyesight was failing, and he explained the domesticity of British art by the objections of artists' wives to all models except babies. Everybody knew, he said, why Carruthers had been driven to landscape and Christmas supplements. "Depend upon it," dogmatized the little man, with his most owlish air of wisdom, "the man who marries his model is lost. She will never tolerate a model on the premises again."

His fellow-Associate told a story of a stock-broker who had got himself invited to the Greenwich dinner last year, and had asked Alderleigh to give him the sketch of passing barges which the great man had pencilled on his sketch-book after dinner. "Alderleigh good-naturedly gave it to him. This year he was there again, and said carelessly to Alderleigh, 'I've still got that sketch.' And produced it, *crumpled up*, from his waistcoat pocket!"

"Yes, but did you hear Vanbrugh's *mot?*" asked Trapp. "He said, 'Naturally, being a financier, he doubled it.'"

"Why, I said that!" cried Cornpepper, angrily.

"No doubt," said Herbert. "It's a well-known chestnut."

"Then I pulled it out of the fire," screamed Cornpepper.

"Shall you be at the Academy *soirée?*" Matthew Strang asked Trapp, to turn the conversation.

"No; I don't care for crowds," replied the realistic novelist.

"I thought it was your business to study them?" asked Sir Frederick.

"By no means. Crowds are always the same, and I've to be always different."

The conversation rambled on. The composer drifted away, and a full-fledged Academician took his place—an elderly, dandified figure with a languid drawl, an aristocratic manner caught from his sitters, and a shoulder-shrugging contempt for Continental art, in despite of which Matthew Strang protested mildly against the bad hanging, at Burlington House, of a portrait by an eminent Frenchman. Cornpepper talked of a sale at Christie's at which most of the pictures had fetched lower prices than were given for them by their last owners.

"It's all a spec," said Herbert; "there's no such thing as a fixed value in a work of art. Everything depends on the artist's pose. The more the buyer gives for a picture the more he likes it. It's a game of brag. Set up a fine establishment—the dealer will pay. My old governor was a good deal taken in by pretentious humbugs with pals in the press." As the Academician's own establishment was notoriously finer than his pictures—a fact of which Herbert was ignorant—Matthew Strang hastened to speak of Tarmigan, who had been recalled to memory by the catalogue of the aforesaid sale. "I'm afraid he's gone under, poor fellow," he said. "I've tried to come across him, but he was always a mysterious person."

But Cornpepper continued to talk of the sale, of the fluctuations of prices, of the impoverished condition of the market, so menacing to young artists who had set up fashionable establishments on the strength of their first sales, of the potentialities of America, "that yet undiscovered continent," till all the tide of secret bitterness welled up in a flood from the depths of Matthew Strang's soul. Money! Money! Money! He had never really escaped from it. What a mirage Art was! Even success only brought the same preoccupations with prices; it was all the old sordidness over again on a higher plane. The ring of the gold was the eternal under-note, bringing discord into every harmony. With a public ignorant of what Art meant, conceiving it as something rigid like science, not as the expression of the temperament, technique, and vision of individual genius; with a public craving for pictorial platitudes—Art could not be, and was not, produced, save by a martyr here and there. Everywhere the counting of pieces and the shuffling of bank-notes! The complacent Academician irritated him; he was tired of reading of his marble halls, his vassals and serfs, his garden parties, his Belgravian palace erected on the ruins of a forgotten bankruptcy. The fumes of expensive wines and cigars gave him a momentary vertigo.

"For God's sake, stop talking shop!" he burst out, suddenly.

The astonished Cornpepper let his eye-glass fall.

"Have you gone crazy, Strang?" he asked, witheringly. "What do you join an artists' club for if you don't want to talk shop? Strikes me you'd better get yourself put up for the Commercial Travellers' Union."

"That's what we are," retorted Matthew Strang.

The Scotch landscape-painter pacified them by proposing a game of "shell-out," and Herbert eagerly seconding the proposal, it was carried *nem. con.*, and the group mounted to the billiard-room, where Matthew Strang won half a crown before he went off to his nocturnal parties, leaving his cousin still renewing with zest his olden experience of the lighter side of British Art.

CHAPTER XX.

"VAIN-LONGING."

As a matter of habit, Mr. Matthew Strang went, some weeks later, to the Academy *soirée* to add his hand-shake to the many suffered by the presidential image of patience at the top of the stairs, and to help appease the insatiable appetite of the crowd of Christians to whom lions are thrown. It was part of his success to move through fluttering drawing-rooms, and it embittered him to feel that the average admirer conceives the artist as living in a world of beautiful dreams, sweet with the incense of perpetually swung censers, and knows nothing of the artist's agonies or the craftsman's sweatings that go to the making of beautiful things; sees always the completed design, and never the workman scraping the paint or wetting the back of the canvas or tossing sleeplessly under the weight of a ruined picture.

To-night, in the restless dissatisfaction that had grown upon him since the reappearance of Herbert had undammed a flood of ancient memories, this feeling possessed him more strongly than ever, inspiring a morbid resentment of the chattering crew divided between hero-worship and champagne-cup. There was almost a suspicion of a leonine snarl in the stereotyped answer, "You are very kind to say so," which he gave to the grimacing persons who button-holed him to bask in the radiance of his success or to effuse honest admiration. Everybody seemed to him ill-dressed, ill-mannered, and in ill health. He thought he had never seen so many cadaverous complexions, snag teeth, powder-tipped noses, scraggy shoulders, glazed eyes (with pince-nez, monocle, or spectacles), ungainly figures (squat or slim), queer costumes, bald heads, or top-heavy hair-dressings; how horrible gentlefolks were, more uncouth even than the denizens of the slums! Those one could imagine to be very different cleaned and properly clothed, but these had had every chance. How poorly humanity compared with cows and horses! What a price man had paid for soul—and without always getting it! Surely none but custom-blinded eyes could gaze unblinking, unsmiling, at the grotesque show of mankind, the quaint crania, the unsightly bodies; the crowd struck him as the inventions of a comic draughtsman in a malicious mood, the men in black and white, the ladies in color.

"So you are determined to cut me, Mr. Strang?"

The painter started violently as the laughing syllables, sounding far more musical than the faint far-away strains of the string band in the Architectural Room, vibrated above the endless buzz of the crowd that hemmed him in.

He looked up. His moody fit vanished before the radiant apparition of a beautiful woman in a shimmering amber gown, from which her shoulders rose dazzling. A jewelled butterfly rose and fell at her breast. In the twinkling of an eye—and that eye hers—he recanted his contempt for the Creator's draughtsmanship.

"I have bowed to you three times," she said, and the twinkling of her eye—large and gray and lambent—was supplemented by the smile that hovered about the corners of her small sweet mouth. "But you won't take any notice of me."

"I beg your pardon," he said, in flushed embarrassment. "I must have been lost in thought."

She shook her head bewitchingly. "You don't remember me; celebrities never do remember people, though people always remember celebrities."

"I do remember you," he protested, chords of memory vibrating tremulously and melodiously. "I had the pleasure of meeting you at a garden party some years ago."

"But you don't remember my name."

"I don't think I caught it then," he said, simply. "But I remember you scolded me because my pictures were only beautiful."

She laughed gayly. "Ah, then I ought to apologize to you. I have changed my mind."

"Now you don't think they're even that?"

"Far from it! What I mean is that I have come to think less of useful things. You know I was a socialist then. But let me introduce my friend to you."

"You have to introduce yourself first, Nor," said the younger lady.

The other two smiled. "You are irrepressible, Olive," said her friend. "Mr. Strang, let me introduce myself then—Mrs. Wyndwood."

He bowed, still smiling.

"Eleanor Wyndwood," she added, "to explain my friend's abbreviation, which always puzzles strangers."

"Everybody knows Nor stands for Eleanor," remonstrated her friend. "Do they suppose your name is Norval?"

Mrs. Wyndwood's smile met the painter's.

"And now, if my punctilious friend is satisfied, let me introduce Miss Regan, my *alter ego.*"

Miss Regan gave him her hand cordially. "Where are your pictures to be found, Mr. Strang?" she asked. "We haven't been to the Academy before, and we should so like to save the shilling."

"Oh, they're not worth looking at," he said, reddening more uncomfortably.

He suddenly felt ashamed of them. It was thus that he had felt more than two years ago, when, over her strawberries and cream, Mrs. Wyndwood had lectured him for artistic aloofness from the travail of the time, insisting that it was the mission of all forms of art to express the aspiration of the century towards a higher and juster social life, towards the coming of God's kingdom on earth, and that it would be honester for him to plough the ground than to paint pictures that were merely decorative. He had scarcely taken in her point of view, more persuaded by her presence than by her words, by the intangible radiation of earnestness and goodness from the lovely face and the soulful gray eyes, and less ashamed of the sinfulness of his own artistic stand-point than of the often meretricious quality of his performance. She had been the first woman to speak slightingly of his rôle in the world, and her dispraise had impressed him more than all the praise, just as one unfavorable newspaper critique rankled while a hundred eulogies passed across consciousness scarcely ruffling its waves.

When the flux of the garden party had drifted her off in the wake of Gerard Brode, the handsome young socialist, he had felt that he, too, might have become a socialist, or a ploughboy, or even an honest painter, under the inspiration of her enthusiastic eyes. He had thought of her for several months almost as a creature of dream, so swift and shadowy had been her flitting across the horizon, and she had easily lent herself to that conception of ideal womanhood which the world had not yet destroyed because the world had not created it. It was under the impulsion of the eloquent play of light across her face that he had conceived and painted that allegory of woman's inspiration which Herbert, unable to read in it the pathetic expression of the painter's dissatisfaction at once with real womanhood and his own work, had found so amusing, and he was startled now to find how nearly he had reproduced her traits in his conception of the female figure on the mountain-top; not so much, perhaps, in the features, which omitted the slight upward tilt of the nose and diminished the size of the ears, as in the clustering chestnut hair with gold lights in it, the poise of the head, the long thin Botticelli hands, the small feet, and the graceful curves of the rather tall form, and above all, in the expression that seemed to suffuse her face with spiritual effluence. The first impression renewed itself in all its depth; he asked himself with amazement how he could have let the waves of life wash it away so completely that even Herbert's inquiry about the picture had not recalled her to his memory.

"Oh, but I want to see your pictures," she said. "There's a 'Triumph of Bacchus,' I hear. I saw the fresco—by Caracci, wasn't it?—in the Farnese Palace in Rome on my homeward voyage. We've been in Russia, Miss Regan and I, with Monsieur and Madame Dolkovitch, to see Podnieff. Oh, he's so charming—so simple and saintly. He enables one to construct St. Francis of Assisi."

"He makes very bad butter," said Miss Regan.

"He is the greatest spiritual force in Russia," Mrs. Wyndwood said, sweetly. "And Dolkovitch is doing much to extend his influence in England. I wish you knew Dolkovitch, Mr. Strang."

"Why, would he make me do better pictures?" he asked, playfully, struggling a little against the obsession of her sweet seriousness.

"I will reserve my opinion till I have seen your latest manner. Though I confess I don't find the title, 'The Triumph of Bacchus,' a hopeful augury of noble work. But do tell me where it is, or must I consult the catalogue? Miss Regan made me bring one."

"It is in this very room."

"Really?"

"Yes; it's rather a compliment. The Academicians generally reserve the big room, or at least the line, for their own works. But it is cruel of you to leave me so soon."

"How subtle, Nor!" said Miss Regan. "Of course he cannot be seen looking at his own picture."

"Do let us go where the crowd is thinner," he pleaded.

"Than round your picture?" queried Miss Regan, naïvely.

"For shame, Olive!" laughed Mrs. Wyndwood. "I shall punish you by not letting you see it. We are at your service, Mr. Strang. Show us what you please."

"May I not get you any refreshment?" he said, as they passed into the smaller room and into a perceptibly cooler atmosphere.

"No, thank you; this is refreshing enough," said Mrs. Wyndwood, with a sigh of relief.

"Mrs. Wyndwood means that she lives on air," said her friend.

"Oh, Olive! I eat quite as much as you."

"You used to, before you developed this spiritual phase. I believe she's understudying an angel, Mr. Strang."

He saw the opportunity for a commonplace compliment, but he did not take it. The plane on which Mrs. Wyndwood existed demanded reverential originality. Every word she said sounded magically musical and delightfully wise and witty. Olive's remarks one merely smiled at, though she, too, had a low voice, "that excellent thing in woman," and was considered handsome by those she did not annoy. She reminded the painter of a Caryatid as she stood there, rather more sturdy than her friend and shorter, with stronger features and a firmer chin, but to the full as gracefully proportioned. She had dark hair and eyes and a warm coloring that reached its most vivid tint in the intense red of the lips. Her dress was of a soft green-blue, cut high, with yellow roses at the throat, and but for the painter's preoccupation with her friend, would have challenged his eye by subtle harmonies.

"There goes William Lodge, the poet," cried Mrs. Wyndwood, suddenly.

"Impossible!" said Olive.

"But it is the poet," insisted Mrs. Wyndwood.

"Impossible!" repeated Olive. "No man can be a poet with mutton-chop whiskers."

"What has the man's appearance to do with his poetry?"

"Everything. Mutton-chops and lyrics don't rhyme; they're like that woman's emeralds against her turquoise bodice. A poet's publisher should keep him out of sight; he damages sales. Look at the hook-nosed creature there with the goggles and the green gown. Who would believe that that's Mrs. Ashman Watford, who writes those dainty essays, and who, realizing it, could ever help reading her between the lines?"

"Or who," retorted Mrs. Wyndwood, "reading the essays, could help seeing the beautiful soul behind the goggles?"

A tremor of sympathy traversed the painter's form.

"I stand unreproved, Nor. You can afford to be magnanimous. But I contend that beautiful souls have no right to get mixed up with hook-noses. We ought to judge a soul by the body it keeps. If this country ever becomes a republic, it will be due not to democracy, but to photography. You will agree with me, I know, Mr. Strang."

He started, wondering what he was called upon to agree with.

"Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," he quoted, vaguely.

"But you never put truly ugly persons into pictures," Miss Regan persisted.

"No," he admitted; "unless in portraits."

"And not even then," the girl retorted. "I'd far rather these portraits came out of their frames and walked about than promenade among the originals as we are doing now."

"Why, I don't suppose there's one original present," Mrs. Wyndwood remonstrated.

"Isn't there?" queried Olive, in innocent accents. "I thought there was a lot, judging by the want of resemblance."

"You are not up to date," said Matthew Strang, smilingly. "Likeness is the last thing a portrait-painter goes for. Values, spots, passages, color schemes, all sorts of things, take precedence of the likeness in their importance for art. The likeness is irrelevant to art. A friend of mine who edits an illustrated paper, which is the first to publish portraits of everybody who becomes anybody, contends that the number of persons who know any one man's features is a negligible quantity. All the public demands is portraits. So you see your criticism leaves our withers unwrung."

"Oh, do produce your catalogue, Nor," said Miss Regan, flying off at a tangent for want of an answer. "I am dying to see the name of that thing stuck right up there on the ceiling."

Mrs. Wyndwood, after protesting that nobody else was consulting a catalogue, which only made Olive more eager, fished out the booklet from some obscure pocket, and Olive turned the pages impatiently.

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

"It's just like Olive to want to look at the skied pictures," her friend murmured to the painter.

"Oh, the poor man!" cried Miss Regan. "Listen; this is what it's called:

> 'Sweet Love—but oh! most dread desire of Love,
> Life-thwarted. Linked in gyves I saw them stand,
> Love shackled with Vain-Longing, hand to hand.
> And one was eyed as the blue vault above,
> But hope tempestuous like a fire-cloud hove
> I' the other's gaze, even in his whose wand
> Vainly all night with spell-wrought power has spann'd
> The unyielding caves of some deep treasure-trove.'

Oh, the poor man! Fancy the indignity of having a long quotation skied."

"What lovely lines!" exclaimed Mrs. Wyndwood, ignoring the humorous aspect which appealed to her companion. "Do they not express the idea perfectly, Mr. Strang?"

"I am afraid I did not quite catch their significance," he said, flushing. The confession was not so candid as it sounded, for he had been less intent on the quotation than on studying the sweetness of her face and watching the emotional heaving of the jewelled butterfly on her beautiful bosom.

Olive Regan politely offered him the catalogue, and as he read the octave his flush grew deeper, as he seemed to read his personal tragedy in the poet's images. What ironical Providence had sent him the words just then!

> "Oh! most dread desire of Love,
> Life-thwarted."

Perhaps it was that which made his life so unreal to him, which explained its hollowness. He had never loved.

In a strange flash of imaginative insight it suddenly seemed to him that the room was full of lovers. Love was in the air; delicate rumors and whispers of divine delight, of holy pain, fluttered tremulously. On all sides couples moved, heart-bound, their beauty spiritualized, their very ugliness transfigured. Love redeemed the creation.

He remembered that in the days when he had trodden the lonely London pavements, hungry and heart-sick, jostled by hurrying crowds, he had yet seemed to himself the only solid figure amid a crowd of shadows flitting to death and oblivion. In this tense instant he felt it was he that had always been the shadow—the one shadow amid a world of substantialities and solidities—a world that lived while he was recording the hues and colors of life.

And even if he should ever love—and the thought set his heart fluttering as he had thought it could never flutter again—even if love should ever make existence real for him, was he not predestined to a doom more terrible even than the apathy of loveless life?

> "Linked in gyves I saw them stand,
> Love shackled with Vain-Longing, hand to hand."

Mrs. Wyndwood! She, too, was married. And in that thought he knew that love had begun for him. The unrest into which the first vision of her had plunged him, and which time had stilled, had at last come to understand itself. He loved, and his love was vain. They had come to him, both at once—

> "Love shackled with Vain-Longing, hand to hand."

He returned the catalogue mechanically to Miss Regan.

"Well, do you agree with me now?" said Mrs. Wyndwood.

The question dragged him up from abysses of dream. But even though he felt he must be answering it, he lingered in luxurious agony over the music of the question, its vibrations prolonging themselves in his ear.

"They are indeed exquisite," he said, slowly, at last. "But do you think there would be any hope tempestuous?"

"There is always hope," said Mrs. Wyndwood, gently.

There seemed a sweet assurance in the unconscious words; he heard a chime of golden bells floating up from some sea-buried city. Perhaps it was only from the band in the Architectural Room. But he felt he must not attach himself further to the fascinating twain; his solicitude would be too marked, and he was aware of many eyes drawn by their beauty.

But before he could speak Mrs. Wyndwood went on, musingly: "And, after all, hope is better than fulfilment. There are blue hills on the horizon which the child longs to go beyond; but happiness always lies on the hither side, with the blue hills still beckoning." Her eyes filled with dreamy light. "It is as George Herbert so beautifully says:

> "'False glozing pleasures, casks of happiness,
> Foolish night-fires, women's and children's wishes,
> Chases in arras, gilded emptiness,
> Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
> Embroider'd lies, nothing between two dishes;
> These are the pleasures here.'"

How exquisitely she spoke the melancholy lines that seemed fraught with all the pathos of human destiny, her words rippling through the buzz of platitudinarian trivialities he heard vaguely all around him like a silver stream through an unlovely country. She had suffered, too. She, too, had found life and its pleasures hollow; he saw that in the quiver of the beautiful lip, in the wistful brightness of the eye. Straightway his heart was full of tears for her. He longed to comfort her, to sacrifice himself for her. Why could she not be happy?

He had a sense of jar when Miss Regan said, "That's rather a strange quotation for you, Nor—

> 'Foolish night-fires, *women's* and children's wishes.'

He had a true notion of our futility, that gentle old poet."

"I am in no fighting mood to-night, Olive," replied Mrs. Wyndwood, gently.

"You don't stand up for your sex?" the painter asked Miss Regan, in surprise. She had that resourceful, self-sufficient air which he associated with pioneers of female movements.

Olive shrugged her shapely shoulders. "Heaven forbid that I should be the *advocatus diaboli*."

The tossing of the crowd threw up a long-haired, long-bearded man with a leonine cast of features, who greeted the two ladies with an air of camaraderie.

"*Ah, nous voilà encore*," he cried, joyously, adding, in good English, though with a strong Russian accent: "Oh, Mrs. Wyndwood, you must see the little picture of the Christ-Child by a young follower of our Nicolovitch. He is exiled three years already, and has established himself on your hospitable shores. Ah, how it makes a spiritual ray among your English platitudes! You will come, too, Miss Regan?"

Olive, who had cast a droll glance at the painter at the Russian's awkward allusion to British banality, shrugged her shoulders. "No, thank you. I hate children, and I am tired. You will find me on the lounge, Nor." And she let herself sink into it.

Mrs. Wyndwood hesitated, as if about to introduce the two men, but the leonine Dolkovitch swept her off, and she had only time to leave a bewitching smile behind her.

"Won't you go and see the child, Mr. Strang?" Olive asked.

He hesitated in his turn. But she would come back if he waited. "I would rather stay with you, if I may," he added, gallantly.

Olive looked sideways along the lounge. "There is room," she reported.

"Thank you." He seated himself at her side and stolidly regarded the crowd and the opposite pictures.

Olive fanned herself silently at great length. The painter, stealing a sudden glance at her, found her observing the human spectacle with an air of infinite sadness.

"Do you like dogs?" she asked, unexpectedly.

"Yes," he replied, startled, and with a vision of Sprat. "But I haven't kept one since I was a boy. But why?"

"I don't know. That woman there made me think of them—that creature they're all crowding round. Don't you see that pasty-faced hag with the false hair and the real diamonds? That's Miss Craven St. Clair."

"Well, what has she to do with dogs?"

"Oh, she's a leading lady. Plays those erotic parts."

He looked at her, a little surprised by the adjective, and still unenlightened.

"And what then?"

"Don't you know all leading ladies keep dogs—to get extra paragraphs. I hope you hate leading ladies. I do. They're so virtuous, and you know virtue is such a feeble vice. Nor has a dog, though she's not a leading lady. But rather a led lady—l-e-d, you know."

"Do you mean the dog leads her?"

"Yes, whenever she's blind, and the dog is sly," she said, mysteriously, adding, quickly: "Nor's dog is such a snob, he'll never go out with her if she's frumpy. He insists on swell dresses."

"*Can* she be frumpy?" he asked.

She flashed a quick look at him.

"No; she is very sweet and amusing," she answered, gravely. "She is the only woman I have ever been able to live with."

"Do you live with her?"

"Of course—I chaperon her."

Matt smiled.

"What! Don't you think I'm old enough to chaperon a young widow?"

His heart leaped.

"I didn't know she was a young widow."

"Yes, she's quite an old widow."

"Have you lived together long?"

"Yes—we disagree so much."

"In what way?"

"Our complexions go well with each other's."

"I should call that harmony, not disagreement."

"Perhaps—in your technical nomenclature. But I call it a disagreement. Besides, we haven't a thought in common. I am a—well, how shall I define myself?" She looked up quizzingly, her fan to her lips. "I belong to the class of women whose sex is a misfit. And she is—"

"And she is—" he repeated, in some suspense.

"She is the sort of woman who won't wear velvet edging to her walking dresses."

"Now you puzzle me."

"It is evident you know nothing of women. Velvet edging saves frayed skirts. Look at her gown to-night—it trails; mine fits. She retains the infantile habit of long clothes; I am 'grow'd up' and in short frocks."

"I didn't notice her gown."

"Men never do. That's why we wear them so low."

He was puzzled by a curious bitterness in her tone, as well by a perplexity as to her exact meaning. Her own frock was certainly prudishly high.

"I don't quite follow your definition, anyhow," he said.

"No? I'll try another. There are only two classes of women—those who ought to have been born men and those who ought never to have been born at all. I am of the first. Nor's of the second."

He shook his head laughingly. "Oh, but I won't believe that of either."

"If I expected to be believed I should have more hesitation in telling the truth," she replied, gravely. "We are both mistakes, but Nor is incorrigible. You heard her say she's dropped socialism. She didn't tell you she's dropped a power of money, too, in subscriptions to the cause. She probably thought equality would come about in three months, and that she was merely disgorging in advance."

"Is that why she looks so sad?"

"Dear me, no! money doesn't trouble her."

"What's the matter, then?"

"She's been married."

"You mean she grieves?"

"Quite the contrary. But marriage brands."

"You speak bitterly, yet you have no personal experience."

"No, I was never tempted."

Her frank brusquerie made him feel an old acquaintance.

"Never had a proposal? I cannot believe it."

"Oh, if you call a proposal a temptation! I call it a bare hook."

"You're a man-hater, I see."

"A woman-hater, if you will. Man I adore."

"I don't understand you," he said again.

"Really? I am very simple. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.* Women I know and detest. Men I don't know and admire. If I married one I should know him."

"But you might find him better than you expected."

"If I didn't expect to find him better than I expected I shouldn't marry him. So I should still be disappointed. You see, I know just enough about men to know that they are better left unknown. I quite agree with Nor about the blue hills. It is better to keep one's illusions. At present I am happy in the thought that somewhere in the universe there exists a fine male being. Even the average man is less petty than the average woman, so that the one fine man must be a Bayard indeed."

He laughed. "Then if he came along and made you an offer of marriage—"

"I should close with it at once."

"You are a droll girl," he could not help saying. "You are the first of your sex who has ever admitted to me that men are better than women."

"Didn't I tell you how sly we were? A man has one or two big sins, a woman a bundle of little ones."

"Ah, well!" he said, smiling. "Two of a trade, as a friend of mine says."

"Now I don't understand you, or rather your friend," she said, flushing a little.

"Oh, well! He's rather brutal. He takes the Darwinian view of things, you know. He says all women are in the same trade—man-hunting—so they run one another down."

"But I'm not running one another down. I'm running us down *en bloc*. And besides, that isn't the Darwinian view at all. It's the males who always seek the females, and develop the lively colors to attract them. Don't you remember Tennyson—

> "'In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast.'"

"Yes, but that's only in the lower creation," argued Matthew Strang.

"Do you make a distinction? But I am ready to agree with your friend, since he isn't here. We are man-hunters. What a pity, though, that civilization has so reversed the order of natural selection that the human female has to be picked instead of picking the male! See the result!"

"I see what you mean. Man has degenerated physically."

"And woman morally. We adore the beauties of your purse instead of your person."

"And so we develop brain—to get purses with. Really, the effect is not so bad."

"Brains are cheap to-day. And they don't improve the appearance, anyhow. If people wore their brains outside—But who is this brutal friend of yours who gauges my sex so well? Do I know him?"

"I shouldn't think so. He's just back from strange places."

"So am I. What's his name?"

"Herbert—Herbert Strang."

"A brother?"

"A cousin."

"He's not an artist?"

He hesitated. "Yes—and no," he said.

"Ah, two of a trade," she said, slyly.

He smiled. "Oh, he's gone out of the business. He's become a critic."

"Wise man!"

He was glancing furtively every now and then to see if Mrs. Wyndwood was returning. He was conducting the conversation with only the untroubled surface of his mind, interested enough in his piquant companion, but feeling her entirely as an interlude. Miss Regan perceived his perturbation at last.

"Oh, don't let me monopolize you, Mr. Strang. I am quite safe here till Nor returns. There are so many people thirsting for you."

"Oh, I'd rather stay with you," he averred, disingenuously.

"Don't be a mere man," she returned, raising her dark eyebrows. "Even your admirers think you more than that. It's not fair for me to keep you from them."

He was rather in a quandary. He could not tell her he was waiting for her friend.

To his relief, "Ah, I see them coming," she said. "You'll be off duty in a moment. I must introduce you to Dolkovitch. He's great fun. He will invite you to his spiritual Sunday afternoons. Do you judge people by their hat-racks?"

He stared at her.

"I mean when they've got company. Dolk's hat-rack, when he's 'at home,' is lovely; I'd go miles to see it. Such curious, curly, dusty, many-hued, amorphous things on the pegs—a cosmopolitan congress, only the chimney-pot unrepresented. Nor goes to meet the earnest people, but I go to see their hats. Oh, M. Dolkovitch, do let me introduce Mr. Strang. He is dying to know you."

"De-lighted," said Dolkovitch. "But I do not like this word 'dying,' Miss Regan."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I forgot," said Olive. "Mr. Strang is living to know you. M. Dolkovitch, like the ancient Greeks, Mr. Strang, doesn't like to think of death."

"I can't let you misrepresent him to a stranger, Olive," said Mrs. Wyndwood. "M. Dolkovitch is wide as the poles asunder from Pagan thought, Mr. Strang. His teaching simply is, that as there is no death, but merely upward evolution, the sooner the word is banished from our vocabulary the better."

Her voice raised the discussion to celestial heights.

"Never say die!" cried Miss Regan, enthusiastically. "Every dictionary should be without it."

"Just so," said Dolkovitch, gravely. "Our European customs, Mr. Strang, with regard to death, are all in direct contradiction to our creed. The spirit rises into more blessed regions, and instead of rejoicing in festive attire, we mourn for it, we put on black, and our looks are black, and our hearses are black, and the horses they are of black also."

"I think it's very proper," said Miss Regan, decisively. "I love black funerals. Colored funerals would make me feel sad." She rose. "We are going soon, Nor, aren't we? You look tired."

"Yes, we are going at once," Mrs. Wyndwood breathed.

The Russian gave the painter his card, and hoped he would come and hear more of the new gospel. Next Sunday afternoon spiritual people came from four to seven.

Mr. Strang made a movement to accompany the ladies, but Mrs. Wyndwood begged him not to trouble; M. Dolkovitch would see them to the carriage.

"Good-by, then," said Mrs. Wyndwood, with an enchanting smile. "It was so good of you to talk to us."

Words failed him in reply. Fortunately a little white-haired gentleman bowed to her at that moment and distracted her attention.

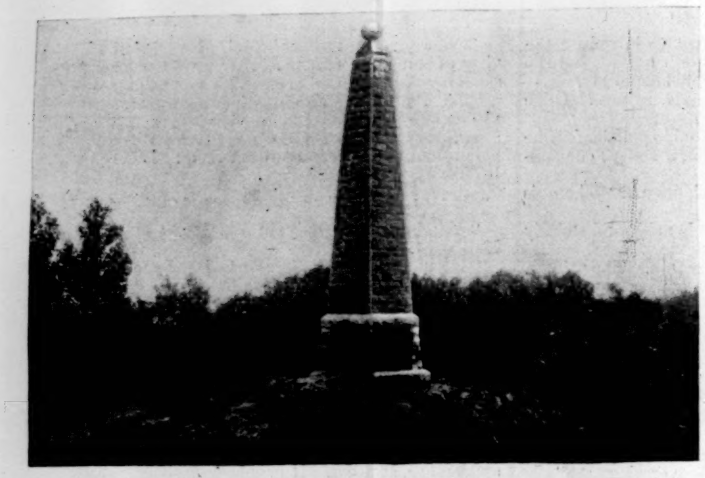
"That was General Dale, Olive," she said. "What a fine soldierly walk!"

"Varied by ducking for bullets every moment," remarked Miss Regan. "He oughtn't to know so many people. Not that I admire the military bearing. It's so unnatural and stiff. One sees the drill behind. Even those little wooden soldiers I never liked. Good-by, Mr. Strang."

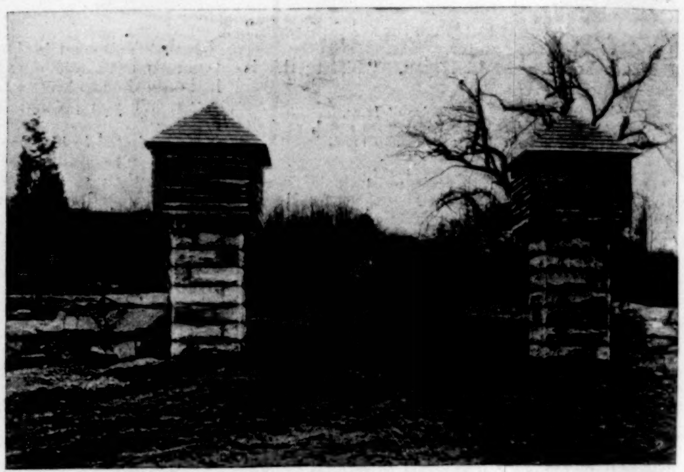
"*Au revoir*, I hope," he said. Her, at least, he could answer.

He went to the "Sunday afternoon" at five o'clock—the earliest hour one could decently go to a reception commencing at four. In the mean time he had read a great deal of Shelley, who seemed to have written a great deal about Eleanor, as she became to her lover's secret thought, though her full name, he learnt, was the Honorable Mrs. Wyndwood, and she was the daughter-in-law of a viscount, and connected by blood or marriage with several pages of Debrett. In the hopelessness of his love these ties were no separation. He did not think of anything but the blissful pain of seeing her again. He had ridden every morning in the Row, but neither of the friends had shown herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

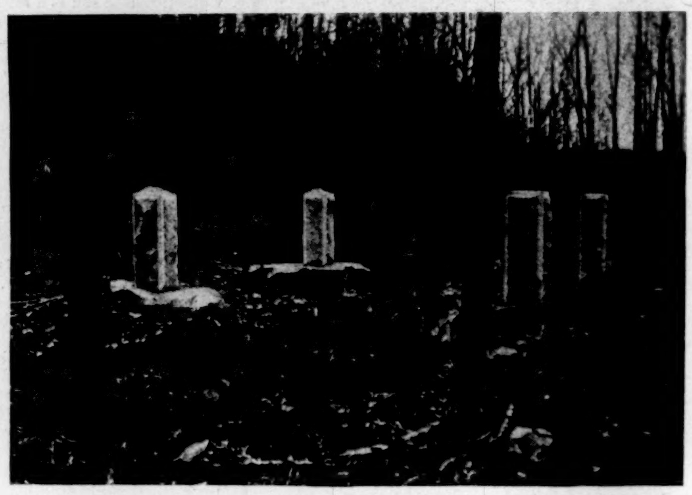


ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO THE PARK.

WHERE THE DOUBLE LINE OF LOG CABINS STOOD.

A WILD STRETCH IN THE PARK.

LOG GUARD-HOUSE REPRODUCED ON THE SITE OF GENERAL PUTNAM'S OLD HEADQUARTERS.

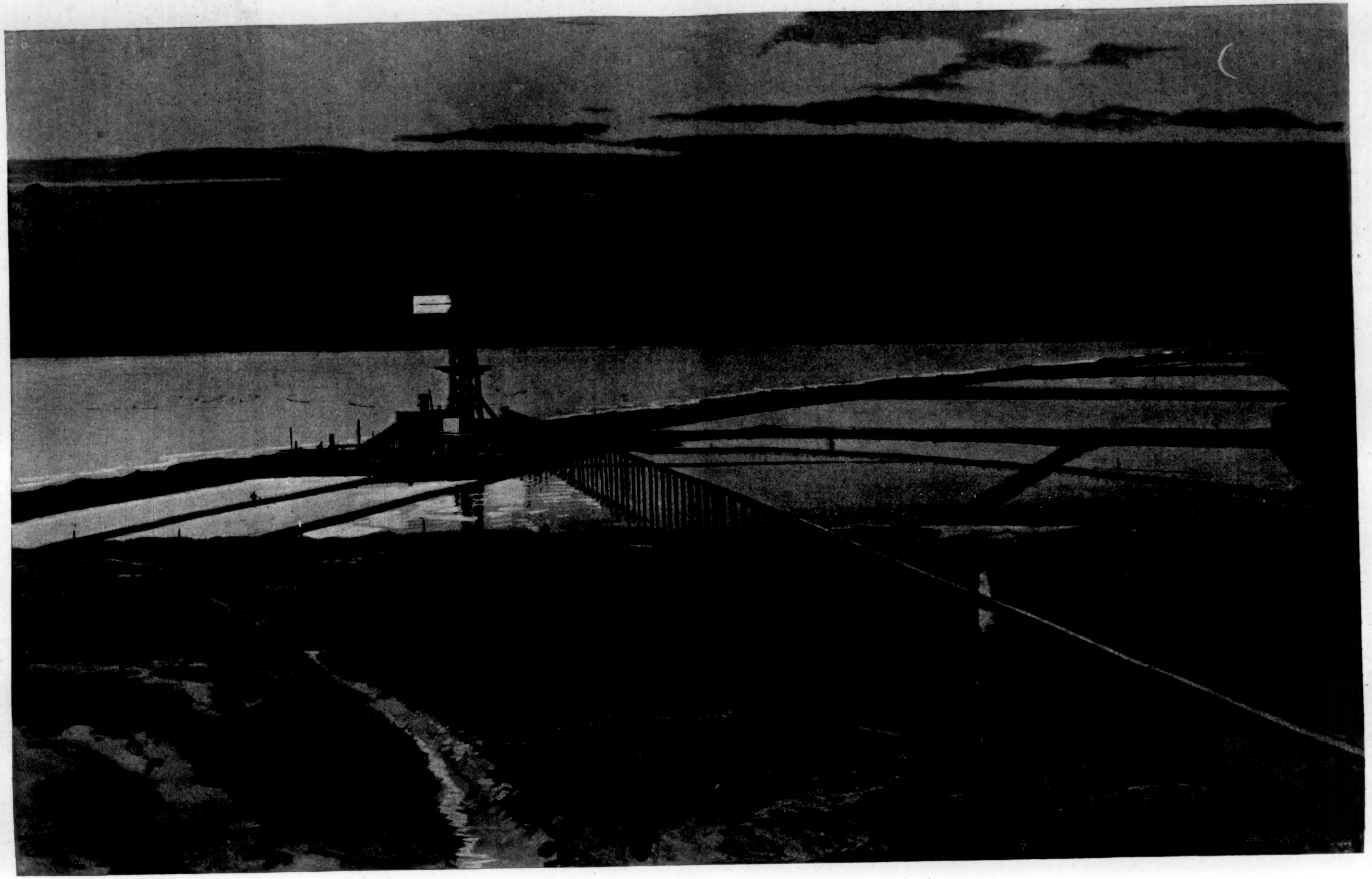


RUINS OF THE OLD BRIDGE CROSSED BY THE TROOPS.

KING PHILIP'S CAVE.

ONE OF THE RUINED FIREPLACES.

THE PUTNAM MEMORIAL PARK, NEAR DANBURY, CONNECTICUT.—[See Page 855.]



THE GREAT SODA LAKE, IN INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 3650 FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 850.]

AFRICA AND ANARCHY.

BY G. T. FERRIS.

Anarchy, or the destruction of all government and law that society may be evolved afresh from the primordial egg, has come out of the gristle and become the bone and sinew of a political theory. It burns in the belief of tens of thousands of honest but most dangerous fanatics, and these again set fire to the instincts of hundreds of thousands who are simply ruffians and outlaws. Every community is threatened in some shape. Anarchy not only barks, but it bites. The frothing at the mouth the democratic theory has laughed at as permissible license, but all the same it means the mad dog loose. Every country breeds the evil—Russia its Hartmanns, France its Vaillants, Italy its Santos. Even England and America sometimes lift the lid from the pot, and the same impulse is seen in the vagaries of a Keir Hardie and of a Debs. The Chicago riots in a milder form display the anarchistic spirit no less than the murderous fanaticism which breaks out so furiously in Europe.

The late taking off of one of the most benign of rulers has shocked the world, it goes without saying, far more than the dynamiting of a czar. The thinking classes of society are thrilled with the conviction of an inexorable need. Anarchy now follows the full swing of its logic, and flies indifferently at the autocrat of the Russias and the constitutional magistrate, at the ukase and at the laws of a free parliament. England and Switzerland, jealous guardians as they have always been of the right of asylum, now begin to suspect that it is an imposition on their neighbors and a threat to themselves to give sanctuary to the potential assassin whose theories so easily redden into deeds of blood.

Concerning the sincerity of these fanatical gentry, who no doubt glow with the unction that they walk in the honored footprints of Harmodius and Aristogiton, of Brutus and of Charlotte Corday, it is none the less imperative that society must defend itself in the duel by unsparing punishment when it must, by prevention when it can. The guillotine and the gallows are essential evils. What then can be done to obviate their need as instruments to bridle the "red fool fury" of anarchy, which acts on the assumption that "killing is no murder"? How can the nations join in self-protection?

We have a hint of such an expedient in the penal and colonizing function of Siberia. True, Siberia as a practical fact, under Russian administration, bristles with horrors scarcely less revolting than the superseded knout. But these cruel excesses do not belong essentially to the theory of such a reservation for the herding of criminals. One can fancy a Siberia in a more generous climate, without the vigilant brutality of armed Cossacks, without the imposition of Sisyphean toil on the involuntary colonist—a Siberia where, free from the restrictions and traditions of effete communities, Monsieur the Anarchist, without the opportunity to exterminate law-makers and magistrates with whose methods he disagrees, may have the amplest field of development for himself and his ideals, and build up his millennium on *a priori* principles.

For the solution of this enigma Africa offers itself—wretched, mysterious, and hitherto useless Africa, over which the nations have been latterly squabbling like bull-dogs over a bone. Africa may now fill an important place in the uses of contemporary history. Europe has not known just what to do with this black elephant. Nor has it known so far how to deal with philosophic anarchy, which is also practical anarchy, *videlicet*, the anarchy of dagger and dynamite. Out of these two negatives it may evolve a positive. Let us fancy the situation pregnant with an experiment which may prove a genuine triumph of alchemy, and turn base metals to gold. Or if this is sanguine, we may view with complacency the bursting of the crucible and the destruction of the contents in the African furnace.

Let the nations of Europe form a *bund*, and set aside a reservation in Africa to be peopled with all avowed anarchists who can be gathered in by the police drag-net. The genuine anarchist is a creature full of self-confession, as a rule. He must babble, or explode like his own dynamite. An international bureau could be organized to carry out the details of the deportation, supported *pro rata* by the united governments. The colonists, of course, should be well supplied with all the tools of labor, agricultural and mechanical, with seeds and similar necessities, with guns to defend themselves against black men and wild beasts. The Free State would no doubt cede an ample territory on the Upper Congo, and if it should adjoin the region of cannibal tribes, with a pronounced appetite for a fat white man, the vicinage would suffice to keep the colonists from breaking bounds. The expense of equipping and transporting these emigrants would be considerable. But no doubt France, Germany, Russia, England, Italy, *et al.*, would be too jubilant over the wholesale riddance to consider the matter penuriously. The European nations would heap coals of fire on the heads of their worst foes by consigning them to this equatorial Eden, where the exiles could organize society naturally and logically out of virgin conditions. The anarchist would thus realize the philosophy out of which he has always deduced his mission as a destroyer.

The police could easily conscript a thousand or two as a nucleus for the little commonwealth, and its accessions no doubt would be rapid and numerous. The contingent would represent a fair division of the trades and professions, and no doubt many intellectual lights. It is a pity that Europe can scarcely spare Prince Krapotkine and Elesée Reclus, for these celebrities, though anarchists of the less bloodthirsty and radical type, would certainly add to the lustre of the new African colony. They would also have magnificent opportunities for geographical and other scientific research. Karl Marx would no doubt volunteer, even if not officially invited by the authorities. His lectures on capital, an ulcer which could not exist philosophically in the colony, if as enlivening as his ponderous book, would serve to cheer the hearts and brace the minds of the exiles.

The conditions are such as the anarchist could expect nowhere else for a fair trial of his philosophy and the evolution of a dream into the concrete. Without considering the unspeakable blessing to the rest of humanity which this segregation would involve, it approves itself as a matter of philanthropy. It is an experiment eminently worth trying, judged from the most opposite stand-points, and has the merit of being perfectly practicable. The world would watch the object-lesson in civilization-making with breathless interest, and the anarchist would have the chance to shine as protagonist and reformer instead of assassin and conspirator. Far better for him to thrive in such idyllic innocence and the exploitation of a nobler social being than to live under the temptation of exploits which inevitably make his head "sneeze in the basket." In the alternative of the dynamite-and-dagger habit proving too strong for him, he could exert his destructive propensity on his own kind. The civilized nations would not sigh greatly over the mutual extermination, and the black races would overlook the gladiators with turned-down thumbs.

The serpent with his tail in his mouth was an Oriental symbol of the harmony of creation, of a great truth fully orbed and developed from the vague and uncertain. Whether our anarchistic commonwealth in mid-Africa should prove a luminous fact in social evolution, or, what is infinitely more likely, destroy itself for lack of other victims, it would be the python biting his own tail. May the experiment come soon, before we lose other Carnots!

A FANCY OF THE NIGHT.

Full sweet are thy spells, O Night!
  Woven of mystery;
Thou touchest with silver light
  The tip of yonder tree,
Which seems from the darkened height
  A castle fair to see.

Beneath, in the shaded glen,
  Stirred by the cool night air,
Is the brave knight and his men
  Who storm the castle fair.
I may see them not; but then,
  I feel that they are there.

And now up the mountain-side
  The gentle night winds go;
So the knights in armor ride
  (I can catch the armor's glow),
While the castle in its pride
  Frowns on the force below.

I can hear the night wind's sigh;
  It shakes the limbs about;
'Tis the warder's warning cry;
  Again the victors shout—
And from the turret high
  A misty flag blows out.

Flavel Scott Mines.

AMERICAN ORCHIDS.

Many will be surprised to learn how many orchids we have among our wild flowers. It is a rich and unexplored field for the collector and the student, and the search is itself a delight, for our orchids love shadowy woods and quiet meadows, and are usually found in the neighborhood of stream or lake. Few know what really distinguishes an orchid from other flowers. Many orchids grow in northern or temperate climates, are not air-plants, and have small, insignificant blossoms—insignificant as to color, though always quaint and fantastic in form. A child's definition of an orchid—"a flower that makes faces"—is very good, for its distinctive feature is the twisted petal or *lip*, which is often vividly colored and grotesquely marked. Its length reminds one of those who "shoot out the lip in derision," and easily gives the fancy the impression of a mocking look. Mr. Burridge says the lips of some orchids "waggle about in ludicrous fashion."

There are other essential peculiarities of structure, especially in regard to stamens and pistil, but the air-plants are accidental variations, due to the fact that in a tropical forest the orchids that gained access to light and air, and were more easily fertilized by insects, outgrew the ground orchids, smothered by the dense undergrowth and unnoticed by insect travellers. This was "the survival of the fittest." So also with the droll mimicry of bees, butterflies, moths, and even birds. These fluttering and aerial blossoms, looking as if just about to be startled into flight, naturally attracted the roving bee or butterfly, and their pollen was thus carried from blossom to blossom, and these peculiarities perpetuated and increased, while the simpler flowers withered away unvisited. When we study life, whether in its highest form or in the smallest weed, we find that everything has a purpose and use. The tropical orchids are often gorgeous in color, with shining spots and bars of scarlet and gold; immense in size—occasionally the flower leaves are two or three feet long—fantastic in shape, with quivering petals, like long antennæ or outstretched wings, because these things attract the airy guests without whom they could not live. There is one orchid that opens its brilliant blossoms with a report like a pistol; another hangs in air as if executing a perpetual somersault. Nature needs many devices—a flash of color, a mimicry of life, a signal—to arouse attention in the close thick jungle growth.

Our American orchids grow under very different conditions, and many have dropped these eccentricities. The green orchis and the ragged-fringed orchis are very plain. They are found in marsh or bog in early summer, and are usually passed by. The lip of the green orchis, with its queer protuberance and projecting teeth, is like an ugly mouth, and would never tempt any one to gather it. The white-fringed orchis and the purple have a delicate and shadowy beauty. By-the-way, Shakespeare's "long purples," associated with Ophelia, belong to this family, and bloom in our woods in May; where we find even as late as October another quaint little English orchid, ladies'-tresses, or *traces*, for its prettily interwoven and braided blossoms were named from the "traces" or lacings used so lavishly in old-time costumes. It is charmingly fantastic in form, but very small, and almost colorless. The coral-root is only interesting from its many-branched, coral-like root stalks; the *Goodyera*, or rattlesnake-plantain, and the liparis would be unnoticed save for their beautiful white-veined and shining leaves.

A few of our orchids are, however, beautiful in color and of striking appearance. Best known of all is the lady's-slipper, with its queer local names—the whippoorwill's-shoe and the moccasin-flower—suggestive of its broad and clumsy shape, so unlike a slender Parisian boot. Its color is a delicate rose-purple, and its airy slender grace, poised in attitude of flight, is seen in deep woods or along cliffs and water-side. The yellow lady's-slipper has long wavy petals like the unfastened ribbons of a lady's shoe. Mrs. Dana describes it as standing with alert, startled air, sentinel-like, on some mountain slope. The orange orchis, with spires of clustered and fringed blossoms, burns with vivid color through bog and marsh, as if aflame with August sunshine.

The meadows of Lincoln, Massachusetts, are rich in orchids. Here is the rosy pogonia, with violetlike fragrance, and the calopogon, rose-purple (nature's favorite tint), with fringes of yellow, purple, and white on its projecting lip. Its name signifies "beautiful beard." Here dwells the arethusa, also rose-purple and fragrant. Its petals and sepals meet in a slender and pointed arch over the centre of the blossom. It is not so lovable as its sisters; though not tall, its stiff erectness and bristling head-dress, like those of old court ladies, give it an air of arrogance, as if mocking disdainfully the more common meadow flowers around it.

Ella F. Mosby.

THE GREAT SODA LAKE, CALIFORNIA.

Situated in Inyo County, California, at an elevation of 3650 feet above the ocean level, is Owens Lake, a remnant of one of those inland seas which, in a bygone geologic epoch, dotted the great interior basin of the United States.

The waters of Owens Lake differ from those of Salt Lake in being essentially alkaline. For, notwithstanding that they hold in solution as great a percentage of common salt as does the ocean, namely, two and a half per cent., they contain in addition to this sodium chloride, three per cent. of the sodium carbonates, one per cent. of sodium sulphate, and about one-half per cent. of borax and silica, making in all about seven per cent. of inorganic matter. This percentage varies slightly with the amount of fresh water present in the lake, for flowing into it is a large stream, Owens River, fed from the snows of the Sierra Nevada.

Evaporation is immense in this region (over eight feet per year), and the annual rainfall is light, less than four inches. The evaporation from the 100 square miles of surface of Owens Lake disposes of the inflow, as the lake has no outlet. In wet years the lake rises a few feet, in dry years it recedes. The present average depth is about forty feet. Terraces and ancient beaches on the lake shore indicate the dry years have outnumbered the wet ones, for the highest ancient beach, and also the former outlet of the lake, exist to-day at an altitude of 180 feet above the surface of the waters. Thousands of years ago, the lake then having an outlet as well as an inlet, its waters were fresh and drinkable. To-day they are so biting and bitter that a swallow thereof will almost strangle one. No fish or animals live therein, and the only insect life is the larvæ of a peculiar fly. The fly in shape resembles the house-fly, but has about one-fourth its bulk. It exists upon a peculiar spongelike organism growing in the bottom of the lake, green in color, globular in form—the globules about one-half an inch in diameter. In warm weather it rises to the surface of the lake, coalesces in great floating islands of green, is driven by the winds on the shores, where it putrifies and taints the air for distances of a mile or more with combined odors of soap-works or a glue factory, thereby giving the lake neighborhood a bad name as a summer resort, although the actual water is as clear and odorless as the best spring-water. All drinking-waters, even the best, leave a slight residue on evaporation, and as Owens River flows largely through alkaline rocks and soils, its residue on evaporation is mainly salt and soda; although not the best, it is a good drinkable water, yet even now it brings down yearly into the lake thousands on thousands of tons of carbonate of soda, this being the cause of the vast amount of soda in Owens Lake, estimated at 40,000,000 tons.

The water is evaporated by the sun and winds, and the soda solution remains to increase the strength of the present lake. This process having continued for ages, therefore to obtain this valuable salt for industrial uses from such solution one must imitate and accelerate the natural process. This is done by constructing artificial ponds or vats on the lake-shore, in which the water may be more quickly concentrated than in the lake itself by solar evaporation to the point of saturation. This is a similar operation to the removing of salt from sea-water as practised in the salt gardens of Marseilles, in France, at Alvarado, on San Francisco Bay, and other localities. A prime essential is a water-tight clay beach in which to form the artificial evaporating ponds. And here the analogy between the Soda Lake and the salt sea continues, for as the sea-shore is mostly rock and sand, with only a few clay beaches fit for salt gardens, so also the greater part of the lake-shore. But fortunately it happens that a large tract of clay beach occurs on the eastern shore, and in this the evaporating vats, averaging about an acre in size, are excavated. The slope of the beach permits these vats to be made in terraces, one higher than the other, the lake water is pumped into them, and the process so managed that the concentration of the water will not be carried to the point of precipitation except in summer, when the water has become so concentrated that any further evaporation may result in a precipitation of something held in solution. It happens to be the case that if such precipitation occurs during the hot months of June, July, August, September, and October, the first crystals to fall are of the desired carbonate of soda, and very free from the salt and sulphate, which remain in solution in the mother liquid. The concentrated solution from five vats is made to precipitate in only one of them, to increase the thickness of the resulting cake of soda. When the precipitation of one batch of solution is finished (which is indicated by crystals of common salt beginning to come down), the mother liquid is run out of the vat, and a new supply of strong solution run in upon the crystalline cake of soda in the bottom of the vat. This in turn deposits its quota of soda, and the cake so grows until at the end of the summer it has a thickness of two or three inches. The crystal that thus forms in the vats is a definite compound, not recognized by the scientific world until after operations for its production on a commercial scale were begun at Owens Lake. It consists of one molecule of carbonate of soda, one molecule of bicarbonate of soda, and two molecules of water.

The soda is wheeled from the vats, adhering clay washed off, then dried in the air, crushed, and sacked for market. It is used in crude state for the manufacture of refined borax, or is calcined to soda ash for glass, soap, paper manufacturers, etc.

By the further construction of 110 miles of the Carson and Colorado Railroad the distance will be reduced from 600 to 250 miles to tide-water, thus enabling this product to be placed in the Eastern markets in competition with the world.

THOUGHTS.

Who knows the joy a flower knows
  When it blows sweetly?

Who knows the joy a bird knows
  When it goes fleetly?

Bird's wing and flower stem—
  Break them, who would?

Bird's wing and flower stem—
  Make them, who could?

Mary Jones.

MINISTERS OF GRACE.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

I.

THE Syrian peddler wore a black skull-cap heavily braided. About his spare waist was buttoned, a sort of cloth skirt, the wide flare of which accented the attenuation of his figure. He had, indeed, so Wade decided, the lines of an ancient Egyptian, as demonstrated in the vivacious mural sketches of Theban times. His finely impressed features were of a rich bronze tone, his mellow, appealing eyes very black. As he lifted from his linen pack and flung before the women on the hotel steps a strip of crimson silk or a gala-wrought tissue of white, a kind of alien grace and distinction disclosed themselves in his motion.

"Cheap!" he repeated, with plaintive insistence, gazing up from his kneeling posture into the faces of the little throng. These faces, set off against the antique racial implication of his own sharp, swart visage, looked queerly commonplace in their bluntness of feature, freshness of color, heaviness of muscle.

They were good-humored faces enough—such kind, broad, unspeculative faces as are by no means unusual; but as Wade regarded them from the east end of the porch, where he sat by himself, he had a little sense of amusement on the supremacy of his own new and prosperous country, as expressed in the portly condescension of these middle-aged countenances.

Some of the women turned over the delicate Eastern stuffs with disdaining hands. They tried on the silk shawls, and weighed the fringes with calculating fingers. Generally they said, "Too dear, Marco," speaking very loudly, as to a deaf man. And all the time the vender of silks, with his slender brown hands clasped, his picturesque profile raised, knelt at their feet—a vanquished remnant of the hosts of Syria cast by famines in Philistia itself.

"What you give?" he pleaded, servilely. Behind him was a scenic background of flawless summer sky and bright blue sea. Faint garlands of smoke from an unseen vessel rose beyond the reach of sun-flecked water. A schooner, with every inch of canvas out, slipped along the offing. Arc lamps, poles, webs of wire, a pausing trolley-car, and the fretted roofs of a group of bath-houses rose dark and clear upon the blending reach of sea and heaven. Flags curled blithely from hotel-tops; peaks, turrets, airy porches, stretched away in all the freshness of new paint; a fountain flung crystal threads above its Cupid-clasped basin in the green ribbon of park fronting the Dersheimer Arms.

The veranda of this house, unpeopled except for Wade and the group on the steps, was set along its expanse with any number of slim, pale green pillars. Below a scroll-sawed roof, scooped out in shallow arches, heavy arm-chairs were sociably ranged, thickening towards the west end, on which the windows of the dance-hall gazed. The other end faced the ocean, which, like a gleaming sword, flashed across the end of the street.

Wade, as he sat here staring seaward, found himself vaguely disturbed by the jabber of the bargainers. There was, indeed, a mixture of noises this morning. A brass band sent fitful screams of waltz music up from the beach, and somewhere nearer a cornet rasped inharmoniously. Children were running about the upper porches, and the gay laughter of some passing girls mingled strangely with the solemn murmur of the surf. It was noisy. And distinctly he had less tolerance for Hildreth Beach than he had found it easy in other days to command.

He could plainly remember liking it immensely when at odd times in the past ten years the press of newspaper-work permitted him to run down for a sniff of salt air and a day or so of such distractions as the big, heavily frivolous summer city had to offer.

His nerves, he reminded himself, had been steadier during these former visits, not, as at present, lax from an attack of fever. Perhaps, when the salt sea should have wrought upon him for a week or two, the old contentment would return? Yet, notwithstanding this possibility, Wade grew uncomfortably pensive over his sudden feeling of personal difference. If he went on losing interest in things at this rate, and finding only annoyance in what had once given pleasure, what would life be in another decade, when he should face the windy side of forty? It was a very pretty question. Decidedly, since Hildreth affected him after a new order, he must have changed greatly. For Hildreth itself was practically unchangeable, having as patrons the sort of folk who maintain humanity's averages—a class too simple and primitive ever to vary much.

This slip of the coast was everywhere recognized as the junketing-ground of the masses. The kindly determined people who swarmed here in summer, to the number of tens of thousands, represented the great conservative, solidly respectable middle classes of the country—so far, indeed, as a republic may have such a class, or any class.

They would have referred to themselves with pride as plain people. That they made little pretension to fashion was rather a vaunt with them. Of arts, letters, and philosophies they held large general views. They stood sound in the creeds of their respective churches, and had correct ideas concerning American greatness.

They were apt, like folks of a more analytic turn, to rate each other according to the tabulation of Bradstreet. In fine, they abided in a broad, unspeculative optimism and the traditions of their rearing, believing happiness to be humanity's right, and mid-day the best time for dinner.

And as they had a wholesome horror of the silence and solitude that are dear to brain-sick mystics, they adored Hildreth Beach, which had short shrift for either—that is, in the season. It was quiet enough at Hildreth during the great part of the year. But though the peerless beach, the strong sweet air, the fir groves, and little lakes and stray brooks and other merely natural aspects were probably quite as charming then as at the season's height, there was, of course, upon them all inevitable dulness, which a lack of engaging pastimes produces. It was only in midsummer that the steam-launch and observation-wheel and toboggan-slide operated with an accompaniment of brass bands and mighty hops and blazing electricity and impenetrable crowds.

So every one came at the same time, while these attractions were in full swing—every one who cared for amusement.

Incidentally many came for the bathing. The surf at Hildreth was incomparable, and a thought of the flat shelves of sand and creaming breakers reinvigorated Wade's mind. He rose, and pocketing his thumbs, took in the powdery fling of the surge. He was a slight young man, who looked as if he might stand straighter if he had any object in it. There was a lot of heavy hair parted across the middle of his head and flattened down above the ears. He seemed of a whimsical habit of mind; there was a slow gleam in his brown eyes; his scrap of mustache twisted, too, as if used to the drag of a humorous lip muscle.

"The noise, the bustle, is just what I need," he assured himself, with the hopeful sense of one who has possessed, and perhaps still at heart possesses, that vast relish for life which is the gracious endowment of ordinary folk. "I'm not here to think, but to avoid thinking." And by a natural transition at which he smiled he found himself adding: "I wonder where Gracie is? She's the card when a fellow's threatened with a fit of meditation!"

Wherewith he strolled towards the door of the office, on the sill of which the clerk, a stately appearing young man, stood screwing the head on a fountain-pen.

"Miss Gayle about?" asked Wade.

"Bathing," said the clerk, succinctly. "Nice little lady, that. Awful fond of her mother, isn't she?" He glanced towards a small elderly woman who stood near the peddler, idly turning the large ruby ring on her spare, toil-worn finger.

"Very," agreed Wade, also bestowing a glance upon Miss Gayle's mother, who, with her wrinkled face, her knobbed gray hair, and honest, hard-working air, smiled back at the young man.

"A nice little lady," repeated the clerk, shaking the pen. "And popular. She gets everything that strikes the place. As her mother would say: 'She's a witch, soir, so she is, don't ye know. Arrah, there's danger in her eye! But nobody has the betther daughter, praise be to God!'" He broke off in a decent attempt at Irish, and said, "She's coming up the street now—three chaps with her, too!"

It was round about the hour of noon, and people were beginning to come up from the beach. Some of them carried dripping garments knotted in bath-towels. Now and then a woman passed with unbound hair in wet ropes about her shoulders. Men in summer flannels joined infrequently in the throng. The male element was less noticeably lacking at Hildreth than at other watering-places; but even here it was in distinct minority, and the sight of a girl attended by three young men was remarkable enough to win the second glance.

She was a little thing, this Miss Gayle, with a straight, alert figure, the motions of which, as she walked, bore out the pert audacity of her small Hibernic face. Her short hair, crisp with the persuasive touch of hot irons, relieved the clear red and white of a skin in which a sort of waxen opacity was evident. There was shrewdness in the black-lashed, pale blue eyes, impudence in the tilted nose, genuine geniality of temperament in the girl's full lips. In a trim blue gown, with conspicuous anchors of white on the wide collar, in sailor hat, white gloves, and impossible-looking canvas boots, she appeared the apotheosis of a type common to the Irish tenement-house quarter of the city.

"Your chariot-wheels clank loudly this morning," said Wade, as the girl ran up the steps. She shot back a glance at her departing escort and laughed.

"Those boys?" she said. "The truth is, I'm finding things slow." And she added, as she dropped into a chair, "Very slow indeed."

"With three adorers? I say nothing of myself, being no squire of dames. I realize that I may never hope to impress that flexible heart which—"

"Oh, bother!" said the other, fanning herself with her hat. "Sometimes I don't mind your chaff; but sometimes it don't strike me just right. This is one of the times."

"When you are cooler you'll regret this harshness, Gracie." She made a little gesture of impatience.

"I'm not harsh; I'm only serious. It don't sit well on you, that flirtatious sort of way you drop into once in a while. You know what I think of you. No—stop it! I'm not joking. You know I like you; but not *that* way, any more than you do me. When it comes to a real Simon Pure friendship, Selby Wade, you'll find me right on time; that's straight goods—sure. My heart may be—what was it?—flexible. It may be flexible, but I haven't forgot that write-up you gave me two years ago. I hadn't caught on at all up to that time. The public needed some one to tell 'em I could dance just as well as those Spanish señoritas they were raving over—and you told 'em. I tell you—take me up one side and down the other—I'm not the crying kind; but when I read the paper that day, and saw what a send-off you'd given me, I keeled right over—yes, I did; I wept like an infant; and so did mom." She caught her breath in excited remembrance.

"I appreciated it," she continued. "It came straight, it did. I had no pull with the paper; I didn't even know who wrote the story till I went and asked. And I hadn't met so much kindness that I was used to it—I had not. I'm not ashamed to say I've worked my way up. I've told you how poor we were, mom and me. It wasn't much worse after my father died. He was a laboring-man, and he drank, and we got along about as well without him. Mom worked out by the day and sent me to school, and when I was fifteen I got a place in the chorus. And I found I could sing a little, and I learned to dance. I stopped being Mamie Riley, and started out as Grace Gayle. I worked like a slave; and then all at once I caught the public. I'm right in with luck now—can sing where I please. And in a year or so I'm going across; and I'll do an American dance, with the colors wrapped round me; and they'll think it's national and all that; and when I come back to the land of the free I will own it—see? They don't know a good thing here till some other country points it out."

"They've recognized you without transatlantic aid."

"Oh, their patriotism was roused when they had me described to 'em as a scrap of American grit bucking against foreign powers! They're for protecting home industries, these people are. But I know 'em; and I don't expect to take 'em by storm till I come back with the foreign stamp on my label!"

The porch was now thronged. Girls in outing apparel chattered in the wide doorway of the office, paying court to a stripling or so, whose cigarette smoke curled thinly about the huddle of heads. Portly women filled the arm-chairs, and a few elderly men, with feet on the porch rail, discussed the temperature of the water.

In the office itself, a square room overlooked by a spiral stairway, a compact group of girls were studying the register. The clerk was accepting a cigar from a pompous gentleman whose face shone rubicund from below his high silk hat. There was a little movement about the door. People began to rise from the arm-chairs, and Miss Gayle, lazily following this example, said: "I see it's dinner-time. Let's go in." She was looking beyond Wade into the sunny street, and her face presently assumed an expression of mild curiosity.

"Do you know who those people are?" she asked, nodding roadward. "Queer outfit, isn't it? They only came yesterday. I noticed 'em at supper. The girl struck me kind of odd—like a frost-bitten flower, stiff and cold."

Just below the porch a slight young person in a straight black frock, and with her face hid in the flap of a wide white hat, was coming up the cement walk, pushing before her a wheeled chair. Over the back of this a faded shepherd's plaid trailed, against which leaned the head of a feeble-looking old man. His wasted shape was hung in ministerial broadcloth, and over his breast flared two points of rough, silvery beard, matching in hue the straggling locks in his neck. He clutched at the chair-arms in a strange intensity of grasp, which had something in common with the meditative fixity of his deep-set eyes. Neither twinkling fountain nor flowery park nor thronged porch appeared to engage him. The whole speculation of his face—perpendicular of brow, beaked of nose, fierce of eye—seemed withdrawn to inner sources of cheerless thought.

As the chair was drawn up at the base of the hotel steps he started.

"We are back, then, Elizabeth?" he asked, in a perfunctory way, as if he cared little where he might be.

The young woman had come round to his side.

"Yes, father," she said. He lifted himself, and thrust one spare leg over the chair's edge. She was bending over him, and he had laid his hand upon her arm, struggling half erect. The effort seemed too much for his strength.

"I'm spent indeed!" he muttered, sinking back—"a lance laid waste."

Wade had started forward, treading as he went upon the Syrian's stuffs. He said, "Let me help you," and so drew the shrunken figure up from the low seat.

"Sir," declared the old man, with austere dignity, "your aid was most timely. I thank you."

"We thank you," echoed the girl, in a remote sort of voice.

"It was nothing," said Wade, bowing to her, and noticing that her face was pale and soft of feature, with almost colorless lips and dark abstracted eyes. The young man took in these details indefinitely, being the more aware of the girl's expression of reserve, which was so marked as to give him a sense of strangeness and curiosity.

II.

"Some one told them we were quiet," said the clerk, smiling somewhat—"some one who'd been here long ago, when Maynor had the place, and put out the lights at ten, and had cold dinners on Sunday." He paused to take a brass-hung key from a young woman. Then he turned again to Wade, who was leaning over the register, and added: "Things are very different since Dersheimer took the house. Whatever else we are or are not, we're lively."

"There's no doubt about that," echoed Wade, feelingly. He had his eye on a feebly scrawled entry which read, "Rev. Thomas Ruley and daughter, High Ripple, Indiana," and as he read it he wondered that a man at once old and ill and a preacher should have elected to come to such a place as the Dersheimer Arms.

For the Dersheimer Arms, as the clerk had said, was very lively indeed. It had dancing by night and music at all times, and its parlors, porches, and corridors were constantly thronged with gay multitudes. It was only in the reading-room, a somewhat barren department off the dance-hall, that quietude and seclusion ever held sway. For the Hildreth public was not given to wasting its holiday-time over fresh or musty folios, and books were, indeed, so rare a sight in the hands of Hildreth sojourners that Wade, coming into the unfrequented reading-room upon a certain occasion, not long after his chat with the clerk, was something surprised to see a burly black volume in the hand of a man near the window.

This person, turning at Wade's step, peered with poring eyes, and recognizing the young man, held out a knotted hand.

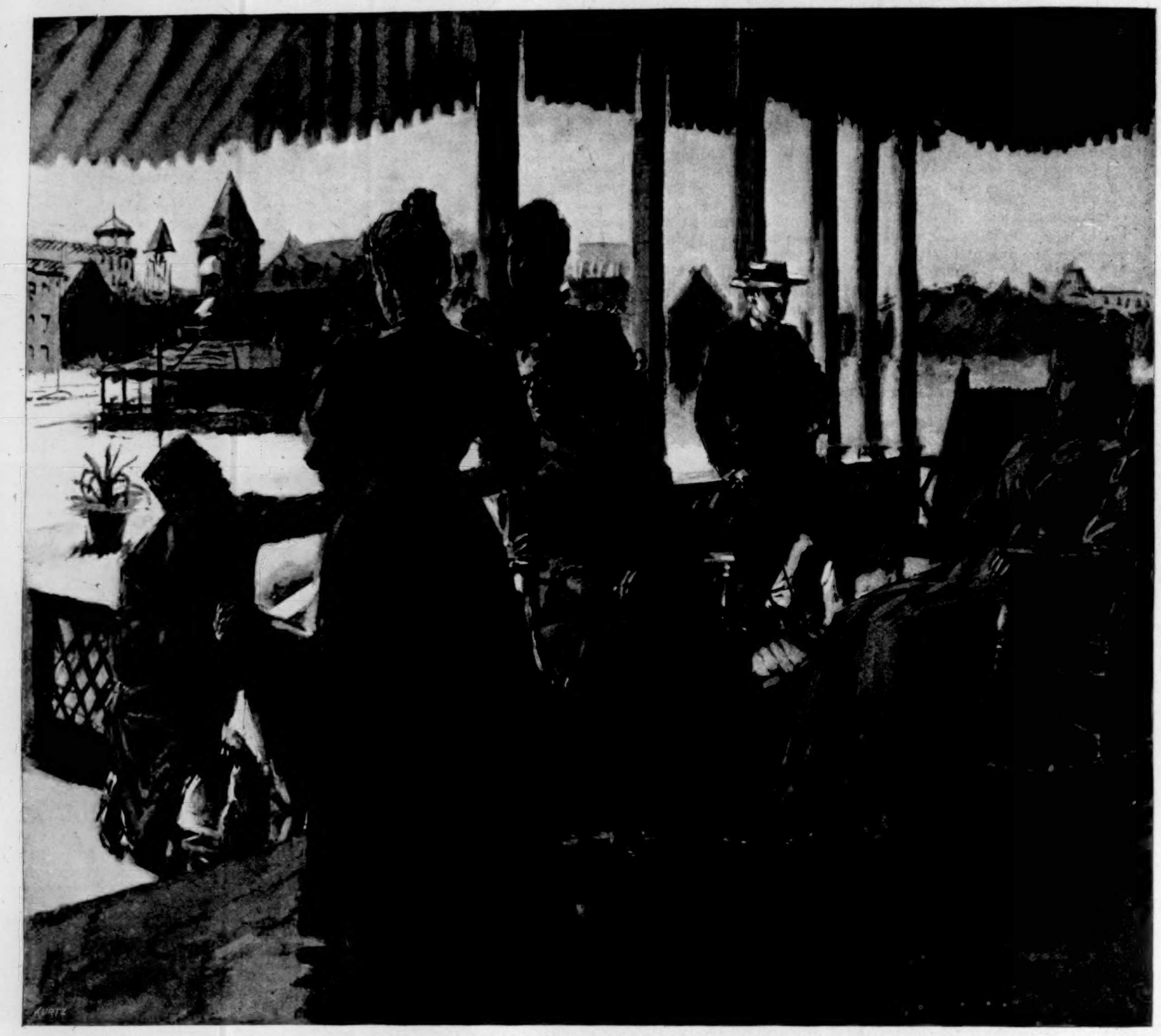
"You are looking better to-day," said Wade, with resolute cheerfulness. The old preacher's face gloomed over, and he dragged his ragged beard together with meditative fingers.

"I notice little change," he demurred. "The noise irritates me. In truth, I am unfit for such sights and sounds as prevail here, having long been possessed of a pining sickness." His voice was slightly nasal, with an accent that lingered, in the style of the country orator, upon unimportant but regularly recurring syllables. It had also a singular depth, a sort of passionate undertone. And as he talked he flung his hands out in sweeping gestures, over-fluent, almost melodramatic.

"We little expected to find ourselves in a house overrun with the godless hordes of fashion," he went on. "It seems that the place was very different some years since, when my friend Amos Fitch, of High Ripple, spent two days here. My daughter wished to find a quieter place, but I could not see our way clear. Our arrangements were for a certain period, and I pointed out to her how ill a break of contract would beseem us. Elizabeth is scrupulously conscientious. I have rarely seen a more lovely nature. But in matters of business I regret to say she is not so—I might say, so far-sighted as I would wish."

He sighed deeply as he thumbed his big book. In a moment he added that his daughter had yielded at once to his views. "But she felt it—she felt it sorely that I should be disturbed by anything, for she had persuaded me to come here against my better judgment. The doctor advocated sea-air for me. But I knew that my infirmity was not to be reached, or, I may say, ameliorated. And I realized the folly of wasting our limited substance in the pursuit of the health I should never regain. Elizabeth, however—I am weak, very weak, in those small hands of hers—this child of my old age, left motherless in her babyhood. And I gave in—I gave in! But in the presence of such folly and irreverence as reign here in this mere place of pleasure I am greatly cast down. I say little to Elizabeth, but I have continual heaviness of heart." He shut his eyes, as one who sees his Nineveh given to the owls and bats.

When he opened them it was with a start. The strains of a gavotte had begun to crash out in the dance-hall, and at the first note a lot of young folk came trooping down the



"'CHEAP!' HE REPEATED, WITH PLAINTIVE INSISTENCE, GAZING UP FROM HIS KNEELING POSTURE."

porch. One girl, glancing into the reading-room, caught sight of Wade, and paused on the threshold of the long window to do him a fine courtesy.

It was Miss Gayle who thus airily plucked back her blue skirts, revealing the trimmest of ankles, the highest of heels, the whitest of lace petticoat frills. Tossing her dark curls, and blowing a coquettish stage-kiss from her finger-tips, she wheeled round and away.

The eyes of the Rev. Mr. Ruley rested on her with austere reprobation.

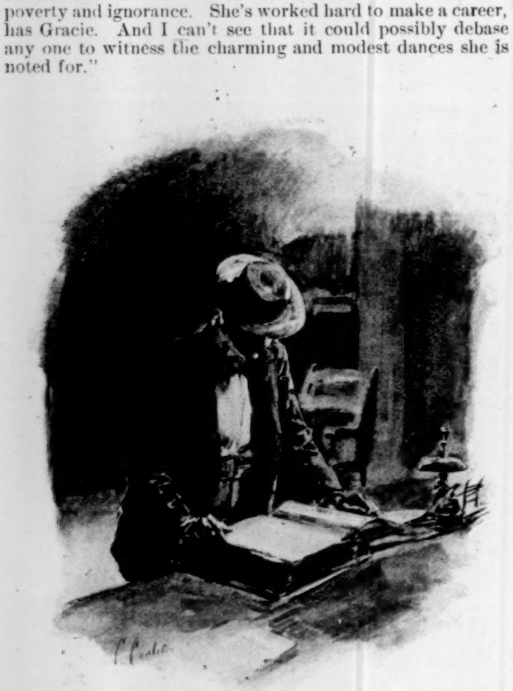
"A daughter of Heth," he said, deeply, waving off the iniquitous vision with a stern hand—"such as walk with outstretched necks, mincing as they go. I have observed this misguided young woman before. She represents, I am told, that most debasing of modern institutions, the stage."

"She's an actress, but—"

"So I understood. I can but trust that my Elizabeth will not be forced by the demands of courtesy into any knowledge of her."

Wade's brow demurred a little.

"Miss Gayle is a wonderfully self-respecting little girl," he insisted. "Whatever chance at life she's had she's made for herself. She's a flower of the slums—the offshoot of poverty and ignorance. She's worked hard to make a career, has Gracie. And I can't see that it could possibly debase any one to witness the charming and modest dances she is noted for."



"REV. THOMAS RULEY AND DAUGHTER, HIGH RIPPLE, INDIANA."

"I will not further enunciate my views on the particular profession to which this young person belongs," formally declared the other, "but I may say that I do not approve of the reprehensible modern spirit which leads women to desire careers of any sort." He pointed a denunciatory finger. "The distaff is the symbol of the truest womanhood. To mind the house, tend the sick, rear children—these are its blessed privileges. But," cried Mr. Ruley, waxing hot, "when women forswear the hearth for the lancet, the law, the pen—when they even lift in the sanctuary itself those voices that were given them to soothe the suckling at their breasts--then, sir—then—as a stanch upholder of pure and primitive doctrine, I declare against them!"

"Well," smiled Wade, "why not let them try their hand? they're bound to, anyhow. And the success of the most illustrious won't change the features of ordinary men's ideal woman—the white lily of seclusion, the soft-eyed, home-keeping creature whose unambitious brows are forever bent on a long white seam."

"I agree with you entirely," cried Mr. Ruley, taking this seriously. "My Elizabeth, now—my own daughter—is bread-winner for both of us. But amid my desolation—for I bear, sir, the weight of a bitter disappointment—it is much of a comfort to me that her position is a sheltered one. She has been, since she left school three or four years since, companion to a former member of my congregation, now a wealthy Chicago woman. Of course it keeps us apart, for I remain at High Ripple, the scene of my labor and my great trial. But I am used to His rods, and I have the consolation of knowing that Bessie is lovingly regarded and protected. And her service permits her to spend some weeks of the summer with me."

His strident tones rang loud, for the music had stopped. Other voices sounded near by as a party of girls gathered in the ballroom door. The old man rose stiffly; he had descried his daughter coming across the long room, and as she approached he said, "I have missed you, Elizabeth."

"I was helping to move our things, father," she said, giving Wade a small sedate nod. "They've found us quieter rooms." She glanced curiously towards the buxom beribboned girls in the doorway—herself a strange unit of contrast with them, in her sober gown, her quaintly braided black hair, her whiteness, slightness, and chill constraint.

"She looks as hard and as fragile as a scrap of carved ivory, this standoffish young person," thought Wade. But just then, as she bent to speak to her father, the shadow of a smile flickered over her face, so softening it that the young man changed his figure.

"Set off against those blooming creatures yonder," he said to himself, "she is like a sprig of mignonette in a bunch of cabbage-roses."

The girls he thus massed in a metaphor not altogether flattering seemed to be holding a whispered consultation. Then one of them stepped forward, and Wade, seeing that it was Grace Gayle, held himself to witness her intent.

"Mr. Wade," she said, "introduce me to Mr. and Miss Ruley. You see, I know your names. I hope you're getting better, Mr. Ruley. You seemed pretty weak the other day. I tell you it's awful—that limber feeling in the knees! I've had it. Only mine came from stage-fright." She turned graciously to Elizabeth, and said: "You don't seem to know any one here, so I just told the girls I was going to come right up and speak to you. I told 'em I wasn't going to stand on ceremony; it's no use being stiff in a place like this. I liked the looks of you, and I told 'em I was going to see that you had a rattling good time this summer. That's how I am."

Miss Ruley regarded her with a little impassive smile. For all her severe attire, her face looked almost childlike beside the shrewd alertness of Grace's small features.

"You are very good," she said, in a guarded sort of voice—"very good indeed." And then she moved away—she and her father—across the bare expanse of floor.

Grace's face twisted.

"I didn't seem to strike 'em just right," she admitted. "But say, I know what was wrong: they were a little afraid of me because I'm an actress, and successful, and all that. The old man probably thinks I've a silly prejudice against preachers. Now I haven't—not a bit. You tell him—won't you, Mr. Wade?—that I'm not at all stuck-up, or bigoted, or anything. Tell him I haven't a thing against religion. Because I want to get on with the daughter. I'm sorry for the poor little soul. I bet she never had a bit of fun since the day she was born. She's a little cool, and my spine kind of froze when she turned her big innocent eyes on me. But she'll like me when she knows me," added Grace, complacently. She smiled as she turned away. And Wade smiled also, as he remembered the impressive stateliness of the small figure in the black frock which had just swept through the doorway.

III.

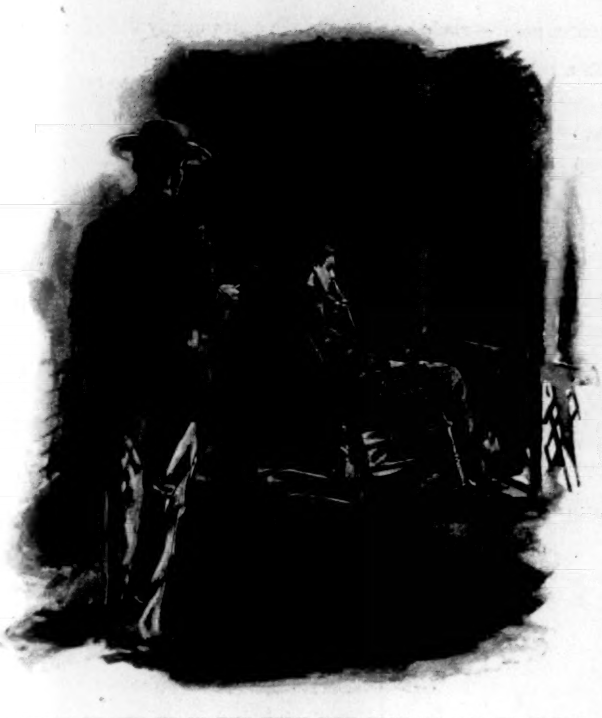
A russet-toned dusk was settling thickly on the ocean. From its farthest brown density breakers levelled themselves landward in hollow granitelike plates. Stars muffled in mist shone far and faint. Out on the flat reach of water a lighted steamer moved slowly through the fog, looking not unlike a great phosphorescent fish with a dorsal fin of luminous silver.

The color of the pale young moon in the southern sky seemed a wan reflex of a sunset still wrapping the west in vague primrose. Lances of light momently darted from hotel windows and porches, matching in hue the sky's low saffron, and making the dark buildings lifted against it look like mere walls, through crevices of which the after-glow poured.

Above the foam-streaked sands the beach walk stretched long and narrow, dotted at intervals with prim little benches and large and small pavilions. Being Saturday night, there was more than the usual throng gathering for the evening promenade, and sounds of talk and laughter rang insistently above the echo of the surf and the intermittent strains of a band of music somewhere down the beach. Men in unwonted numbers strolled along the lifted planks at the sea's verge, generally smoking as they loitered onward, and having upon them a loose and easy air, as of briefly dismissed business worries and relaxed social conventions.

Everywhere in street and veranda were noise and bustle and pressing crowds. The office of the Dersheimer Arms was thronged to the doors. A large placard on the clerk's desk announced a "Full-dress Hop," and the notable absence from view of young women seemed to indicate special toilet-making in honor of the occasion thus itemed.

Wade, leaning against a porch pillar, was talking to a man with whom he had a casual acquaintance—a man whose presence at Hildreth was directly owing to Miss Gayle. It was not, however, as a suitor to the young woman that Mr Bailey had come to the beach, unless incidentally love as a



"A CHAIR DRAWN UP IN THE VERY SITUATION HE HAD FIGURED."

diverting but inconsequent feature of life, should develop from the purely business arrangements he was seeking.

"He's going to take out *The King's Jesters*," Grace had told Wade. "But I don't think I'll sign with him. I'm a big feature now, and I don't have to leave town. He's made me good offers, Bailey has, and I like him first rate; he's a rattling manager. Made Daisy Higby—a pretty little dancer, though not original at all. I guess he's been everything—from a district messenger-boy to a government detective. He knows the ropes, and he'd push me. But I'm not spoiling for the circuit. New York's good enough for me."

Mr. Bailey, perhaps with a sustaining belief in his persuasive powers, had just stated to Wade his design of "putting in" a couple of weeks at Hildreth.

"I'd like to make terms with Gracie," he owned. "She isn't as handsome as some, and her voice is n. g. But she's got a trick with a house—magnetism, maybe. She's dead sure of a call when the star hasn't caught on a little." Bailey had about him a sort of boyish candor which people usually found rather winning. He was slim and undersized, with a face whose mild ingenuousness sheathed an expression as keen as a blade. There was a dimple in his chin. He had blue eyes, and a mustache as yellow as the breast of a meadow-lark. But the frankness of his glance held a furtive element; an air of the hoodlum clung to him; his mental outlook was cunning rather than intelligent, as if whetted fine against the weapons of sharpness. The New York streets had been Bailey's teachers in the game of life, and if he knew how to load the dice it was perhaps not altogether odd.

As the two men elbowed their way across the porch and strolled seaward they reviewed Miss Gayle's capabilities and discussed the theatrical outlook generally.

"We've lost our best," said Wade, as they came to the north end of the walk, always comparatively free of strollers because distant from the band-stands, "and, so far as I know, there is no sign of any superlative talent among our younger players. Grace, facility, intelligence, and taste we have in abundance. But the mantle of Booth, Barrett, and McCullough has fallen on no one's shoulders. Well, perhaps the question of purely original genius is less a matter of supply than of demand. It's the Gracie Gayle sort of thing that people care for nowadays."

"It's the age of *vaudeville*."

"Yes; of the *pirouette*. It's rose-wreaths, not bay, that catch us. And, by gad! if we consent to take anything seriously, it's got to be uncommon, with a psychological twist in the stuff: Ibsen, and those other fellows—Maeterlinck, Sudermann, Streiedberg."

"Oh, taste changes," debated the other, leaning on one of the damp benches, and watching the cliffy rise of the waxing breakers. "But I believe there's always a steady interest in the old legitimate plays—down under the passing notion for farce and philosophy, I mean. Let a man do Hamlet well, and he'll find a public any time. By-the-bye, speaking of Hamlet, have you ever seen young Vercamp do the gloomy Dane?"

"Vercamp?"

"I guess he's never showed in the East; but he's got a future, that chap. Only twenty or so; chock-full of talent. I've my eye on him. He's a little raw yet, but coming right up. Oh, I tell you, we've got stuff in this country! There's the Avenue girl, too. I saw her play Juliet a year ago in a hole of a Missouri town. Lank, unformed, scared-looking thing; but fire? Jove! She'll never catch on, though, till she's pushed. I tell you," cried Bailey, lashing the darkness with the butt of a cigarette, "Rachel wouldn't draw in these times without paper and pushing."

The peals of a three-piece band broke on their ears while they were yet a long way from the Dersheimer Arms. Through the long windows of the dance-hall the young men could see a maze of moving figures. People sat thick about the walls and thronged the thresholds. The windows facing the court-yard were black with the visages of the servants of the house looking in upon the dancers.

Most of the women were in evening gowns. Among the men an occasional dress suit revealed itself, but for the greater part tweeds and flannels prevailed. The girls seemed generally young and good-looking, with a predisposition to overreach their partners in weight and robustness, for the men were notably pale and thin; lack of brawn and buoyancy suggested long hours in great furnace-heated shops or close offices.

This same phenomenon of comparison presented itself in the older folk, complacently observing their sons and daughters circle round the waxed floor. Whether the women had paid court to fashion in crimping their gray locks and cramping their ample waists, or whether they abided in the traditions of a youth which had gone ancient in smooth hair and plain gowns, all had a ponderous well-fed aspect, as set off against the leanness of the elderly men.

"Fine figures of girls," commented Bailey.

"M—yes. I shouldn't wonder if the woman's question would eventually become a mere matter of the survival of the fittest; for, gad! it looks as if a few eons more would eliminate men entirely from the social equation of the masses." He broke off to address Gracie Gayle, who floated towards them in an interval of the music.

"Of course you want to dance with me?" she signified, tilting forward on her scarlet heels.

"I long, but forbear," said Wade, lazily. "I bless thee, yet renounce thee to thy face." Yet Grace, frilled round in flimsy scarlet, and with a red rose coquetting it behind one ear, was not without a charm of her own. She had the air and stature of a child, but in her clear eyes was the piquancy of a deeper knowledge than sheltered women have. It gave Wade something like a twitch of the heart, a sentiment both pitiful and admiring, to think of the paths through which those small feet had marched so securely.

He watched Bailey move away with her. There was an initiatory rasp of a violin, and Wade, with the idea of a solitary, meditative cigar, made way through the packed chairs and pushed towards the remote, unthronged end of the gallery.

As he approached this quiet spot, however, the violent flickering of the big arc light over the curb painted the fact of a chair drawn up in the very situation he had figured. He was almost upon it before he saw that a woman was sitting there with her chin in her hand and with her eyes set on the fog trailing past the high globe of the electric lamp.

At Wade's approach she turned with a decided start, and recognizing him, said, "Oh!" and sank back as with a sort of relief.

"You are not dancing," said Wade, whose acquaintance with Mr. Ruley's young daughter was still of a limited nature.

"I—a preacher's child?"

"Oh!" laughed Wade, encouraged by her own smile. "But the dance may express anything—grief, triumph, joy, even religious ecstasy." The ballroom music struck through this idea, compacting itself with the young man's sense of the salt air straying palpably across his face. Whatever those strains might mean to young blood, Wade reflected that they had probably sent Mr. Ruley to bed filled with an anguished consciousness of desperate iniquity on the part of the "godless heroes of fashion" he fancied as making up the Hildreth throngs.

"Papa sees people as weak and sinful," said Elizabeth Ruley, sighing a little. "And he dislikes everything which identifies itself with the folly of a fallen race. You see?"

"Er—yes."

"It seems terrible to him that people on the brink of—well, of perdition—should disport themselves with careless gayety. He has always been like one crying in a wilderness of apathy and unconcern. Poor papa!" She broke off and fastened a questioning eye on Wade. "He's told you, hasn't he, about his trouble with the church at home?"

"About their asking him—"

"To resign—yes. That was a terrible time. He had preached there so long! I don't think he ever suspected that they were tired of him and his ways. And, indeed, there were those who stood by him. But a younger generation had come up—a generation demanding revised Scriptures and changed creeds and general good cheer from the sacramental cup. They wanted a sparkling, enlivening vintage instead of the drink my father gave them. They didn't want to hear about their shortcomings, or the insecurity and bitterness of life. They said that papa preached over their heads, and didn't attract the young people, and they sent a committee to ask him to give up the charge. Oh, it was terrible! Their dissatisfaction was like a thunder-bolt to papa. I cannot repeat all he said to them in his last sermon. But he denounced them without measure, and he has never entered the pulpit again, and he has never been the same since. He shut himself for three days in his study, and would not speak even to me. And when he finally tottered out he looked like a man who has got his death-blow—though that was four years since."

She paused with a tremor in her soft voice. The night wind chopped round the porch end with a mournful cry. The fog slipping past the high globe took the likeness of fleeting figures. It seemed as if the darkness were full of homeless sprites, which, as they sped past the globe of flame, shivered closer to it for the warmth and light.

Sitting in the hazy shadows, Elizabeth Ruley herself looked hardly real, so white and slight she seemed in her black garments. The weight which her father bore had crushed her also. She seemed the merest shadow of girlhood, a passive, cloistral sort of creature, unused to the sun, and altogether too spiritless to resent the unnatural gloom in which she dwelt.

Two people were coming down the porch.

"Feel how damp my hair!" cried one of them, a girl, shaking her brine-touched curls. "It 'll be straight as a poker before I can turn round." She peered down the veranda, and seeing Wade, tripped towards him, holding up her scarlet ruffles. Seeing that he was not alone, she drew wide eyes and pointed a small finger.

"So!" she said. "You are having it all to yourself down there."

"I was just going in," the other woman said, smiling a little as she rose. "If you will excuse me," she added, to Wade. He felt a vivid sense of resentment at Gracie for disturbing a talk which had at least held a certain element of sympathy. But Gracie herself seemed unaware of this. She perched on the low porch rail beside him, with her frills drawn up, her red heels swinging, her hair loosening in great waves as the dampness brushed over it. The whole salt-smelling darkness appeared as if disturbed by her frivolous presence. Wade rose irritably, observing the slight, dark-gowned figure of Elizabeth Ruley pausing just then at the turn of the circling stair. She had evidently forgotten her room key, and came down to get it from the clerk.

"I think she likes me better than she did at first," Gracie was saying. "I knew I'd win if I played long enough on one color!" Her tone rang complacently in Wade's ear as he moved towards the office door. Elizabeth had turned again to the stairway, but Wade was withheld from noticing her further by a sudden recognition of the fact that Bailey, standing just in the embrasure of the door, had his ingenuous eyes fixed intently on the ascending figure of Mr. Ruley's daughter. Wade stepped over the threshold. As he did so Bailey withdrew his gaze and turned rather quickly.

"Wade," he said, shortly, "you were talking to her out there. Who is she?—that girl."

IV.

Wade regarded his questioner with distinct coldness.

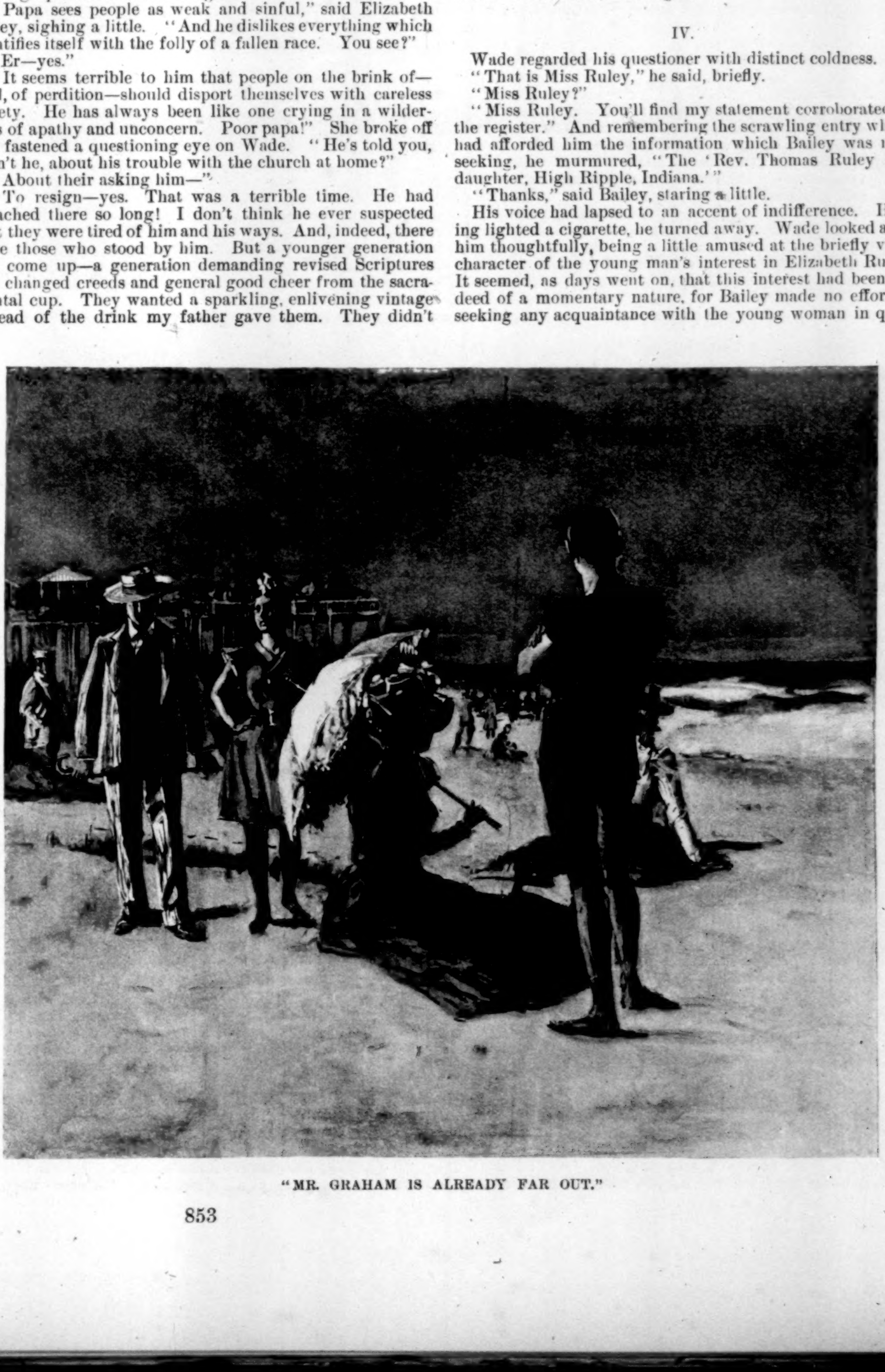
"That is Miss Ruley," he said, briefly.

"Miss Ruley?"

"Miss Ruley. You'll find my statement corroborated in the register." And remembering the scrawling entry which had afforded him the information which Bailey was now seeking, he murmured, "The 'Rev. Thomas Ruley and daughter, High Ripple, Indiana.'"

"Thanks," said Bailey, staring a little.

His voice had lapsed to an accent of indifference. Having lighted a cigarette, he turned away. Wade looked after him thoughtfully, being a little amused at the briefly vivid character of the young man's interest in Elizabeth Ruley. It seemed, as days went on, that this interest had been indeed of a momentary nature, for Bailey made no effort at seeking any acquaintance with the young woman in ques-



"MR. GRAHAM IS ALREADY FAR OUT."

tion, though the exigencies of the hotel porch and the considerate offices of Miss Gayle forced him into such social knowledge of the preacher's daughter as an introduction is supposed to effect.

These same days cast Wade considerably with the Ruleys. Some latent fibre of the old man's being responded to the other's quiet whimsicality. Wade was wise enough never to combat any of the preacher's pronounced and contorted views, and as a consequence the relations between them came to be of a pleasant and friendly sort.

Everything at Hildreth wore a gentle aspect. The sea was a bland sheet of milky green whose shallow breakers wreathed the sands in blossomy white; the skies hung placid; the very multitudes seemed to imbibe a certain languid quietude from the midsummer serenity.

Of mornings every one went bathing, and the pole-spiked surf resembled a great human brew, bubbling up with heads and arms. At a little distance the bathers lost all mortal significance, seeming rather like the top twigs of a submerged forest peeking rough and black through the circling waves. On the warm sand under the biggest pavilion people squatted at ease, watching the antics of the bathers. The number of these constantly grew, as men and women in baggy blue flannels strolled seaward from the bath-houses.

Children with wooden spades cast up frail fortifications against the surf. They shouted as they worked, and a small dog, digging in the sand just beyond the usual station of Mr. Ruley's chair, barked furiously at some imaginary quarry. Mr. Ruley spoke to him twice in a mildly reproachful way, for the shrill staccato barks made his ears tingle. But the terrier kept on honeycombing the beach with his sharp paws. His flanks shook, his eyes bulged in an ecstasy of pursuit, and he appeared unconscious of the gaunt figure hard by, bent together under its plaid shawl, and holding on its knee a package of small leaflets.

Whenever any one strolled near his chair Mr. Ruley held out one of the pamphlets. No one refused the offering of the shaking hand, and the old man's purblind gaze failed to see blowing airily along the sands the sheets so lately received of him with good-natured indifference. Now and then one of these printed squares, motionless in the wane of the breeze, displayed a heading which exhorted, announced, or appealed. Oftener they were trodden down by the feet of passers, or were carried over the water, lifting and hurtling along like callow gulls.

Wade, coming down the beach in bathing apparel, paused beside the chair. Mr. Ruley tremulously proffered a leaf bearing a pious adjuration, but recognizing the young man, he laid the thing back, and seemed to brighten up.

"I do not give these to you, a thinking man," he explained. "They are for the careless. I doubt if one in a thousand reads or heeds the admonition. But barren as my ministry has been, the habit of the sower sticks with me, and though I scatter seed upon rock, I cannot withhold my hand."

A girl, screaming with laughter, and spraying the air with brine from her wet short skirts, flew by, pursued by a brawny fellow. Children were wading in the low shore surf. Lovers mooned together on the sea verge. Portly women gossiped on the benches above the sand. Against all this Mr. Ruley looked singularly lonely, and Wade glanced about, wondering if Elizabeth were not somewhere near.

"Elizabeth is walking with a friend of ours," said the other, catching at Wade's intent—"a friend from High Ripple, who came rather unexpectedly this morning. A young man"—he amplified, taking his usual oratorical style, which reduced the single hearer to an indefinite part of a visionary throng—"of much promise. A laborer like myself in the Lord's vineyard, but blest with fruitful ingathering." He sighed, and laid his long arms over his breast. "You have heard me speak of the Rev. Frederic Clinton Graham?"

"Oh yes!" signified Wade, not altogether charmed with this intelligence. He had heard of the Rev. Mr. Graham, as he had heard of many other features of High Ripple—of the old house in which the Ruleys lived, the discovery of gas in the town's outskirts, the worthy few who stood faithful to their old pastor, and the new hordes which had ousted him.

Mr. Graham, as Wade remembered, did not belong to the ante-gas epoch. The drowsy village had become a bustling town before Mr. Ruley's young friend came to shed a genial influence upon it. For that Mr. Graham had extremely pleasing traits Wade could scarcely doubt, in view of the surprising fact that the man commanded not only the warmest affection of Mr. Ruley, but also of Mr. Ruley's former congregation.

Just in what sort he was regarded by Mr. Ruley's daughter Wade could only surmise. The mere circumstance of Graham's presence in Hildreth was suggestive of possibilities which Wade had not considered before, and the young man drew a grim smile as it came upon him that his own cordial intercourse with the Ruleys was likely to be disturbed by Graham's arrival.

At the consciousness that his face was taking on a sulky cast Wade straightened his shoulders. What difference did it make that a young woman whom he had known for several weeks was perhaps the sweetheart of a worthy Indiana clergyman? He, Wade, was not in love; and now that he came to think of it, he was glad that he was not. For, aside from the chance of a prior suitor, Wade declared to himself the connubial vista had no charms worth setting off against the easy-going privileges of bachelorhood—that is, for men of moderate finances. Domestic life in New York apartment-houses did not win upon Wade's fancy. These thousand-celled hives of the city's millions revolted his sensibilities, and he cheerfully reconciled himself to the perpetual loneliness which has so placid and pleasant a face when examined by the heart-free.

Reverting to these early principles, Wade walked into the surf and dashed off with a handful of brine a half-formulated vision of Mr. Graham as a mild young man whose conciliating chin sheered meekly into a white lawn tie.

"He's mighty at mothers' meeting, and waxes tearful over the babies he baptizes," thought Wade. "And Elizabeth is cut out for a preacher's wife—little, sweet, serious thing that she is!"

That evening, as he came down to supper, he encountered Grace Gayle in the office. Grace wore a thoughtful air, and she drew Wade aside with an imperative nod.

"Do you know," she observed, gravely, "that you are not in it? Have you seen the new man? He's been with Miss Ruley all day."

"Alas, yes!" sighed Wade, elaborately. "I know that my goose is cooked. I've got a life-long sorrow to cherish, Gracie. I've always wanted something I could entirely devote myself to."

"Laugh it off as much as you please," scoffed Gracie, "but it won't take *me* in. I know something about men. None of 'em likes to take a back seat. It isn't human nature. So come off."

"What would you have me do—go about with a pale, disordered look?"

"I'd have you keep right to the front. This Graham's good-looking—splendid shoulders—looks like he might be a great centre rush—but I believe you can beat his time. Take your hands out of your vest pockets and stop biting your mustache! Throw your shoulders back—"

"I stoop to conquer, Gracie."

"—and let him see that you're not going to be overlooked in the shuffle. I'd stay right with 'em all the time. That'll queer the whole business. He can't make love with you around."

She gave him a reassuring pat as she slipped away.

As Wade stood in the porchway after supper, and took critical stock of the man who sat talking with the Ruleys, he was aware of a surprised recognition of the justice of Miss Gayle's opinions. He was no ascetic stripling, this big fellow at Elizabeth's side. He had a shaven face of a cordial turn, thick, breezy hair, and a hearty laugh. Moreover, he wore a business-like suit of rough wool, and the hat on the floor near him was of white straw. There was a red flower in his button-hole. He was young and athletic, with nothing about him intimative of stripes or fasting.

Mr. Ruley, catching Wade's eye, bent forward and summoned him. There was nothing then for the young man but to join the little group and extend a genial hand to the person whom Mr. Ruley affectionately termed his "own son in the faith." Presently he was sitting with them as usual of evenings, while the crowd surged by on its way to the beach, and lights struck out of the twilight, and music began to lilt up near and far.

"These thousands of human creatures, undeterred from their follies by the awful solemnity of the great sea, afford an appalling example of the blindness of such as are carnal and sold unto sin," said Mr. Ruley. "You must observe it, Frederic. It is, I may say, more marked during the evening than at other times. For night brings thoughts of prayer and meditation to our hearts, and here the darkening hours are given to unhallowed revelry."

"I'm ready for anything," said Graham. Easy acquiescence appeared, indeed, to be his marked characteristic.

"What's the use of setting yourself against the big currents?" he inquired of Wade, when their acquaintance had reached a standing of several days. "You don't effect anything by it, except to get knocked ashore, a mere bit of wreckage."

"Queer doctrine for one of your profession," Wade threw in. But Graham laughed his hearty, honest laugh.

"Bah!" he said. "There's no reason why a preacher shouldn't talk sense. In fact, he's *got* to talk it if he expects to reach people. They've ceased to care for rambling metaphysical dissertations. You've got to appeal to men's business as well as to their bosoms. These aren't visionary times," he added, "such as prevailed when ideas of special ordination were still active."

"Oh, then you don't hold for a chosen generation, a royal priesthood?"

"Me?—no. Personally I do not. I didn't go into the Church because I saw visions or heard the heathen clamoring for my aid. I took up theology—as many others do—as I would have taken up any profession. It's a respectable calling, and I had my living to make. I don't see that a fellow who accepts it in a businesslike way is any less honest than one who is a bit *élevé*, and yearns over humanity."

"Maybe not. But preaching don't pay very well, Graham. This is not the era when prelates 'riot in ease and cumbrous wealth.' A man's generally disinterested when he dons the beretta. He has a right to be thought so, anyhow."

"It all depends on his objectives. The pulpit isn't specially lavish in returns. But, like literature, it has its compensations. A clergyman has position. He has also, what is highly exceptional in the rush of modern life, time to think, to plan, to live. I took this into consideration. I wanted leisure. I wanted a calling in which my knack of speaking plainly and easily would count. I had no pronounced convictions—few people have—concerning religious dogma. But I got my finger on the pulse of the times and found what the masses felt on these subjects. And then I established myself on this base, reflecting that it's well

'When you censure the age
To be cautious and sage.'

A preacher's function, as I see it, is merely to direct the religious ceremonials of a community. He's got to be up to date and know the moral taste of the people. He must feed them according to the demands of their palate, and not, for their own good even, force nauseous doctrine down their unwilling throats. Otherwise he'll find himself a failure—like our old friend yonder. He had passion and patience, and he wrought like a slave to cause his people to see the wisdom of so fashioning their lives as to merit heaven by making life a hell. They were not built on that plan, however!" The Rev. Mr. Graham paused to laugh again.

"I haven't half his powers," he went on; "but while he preached to empty pews, my church—which was also his—is jammed to the walls. My piety is of a gladsome order. I'm easy, colloquial, humane. By a continual rattling hail of sharp points—anecdotes, metaphors, allusions—I riddle the veil of apathy so apt to clog the Sabbath intelligence. I mix with folks socially. And when they have fairs and tableaux in the Sunday-school room I smile and applaud, instead of standing afar off and bitterly denouncing them for desecrating the sanctuary—as was Ruley's engaging habit."

"I can understand that you are popular," intimated Wade, conscious of not possessing a mind pliable enough to adapt itself to these tactics.

"Oh, I'm popular!" smiled Graham. "I'm a power with the young men—the hardest nuts a minister has to crack. I reach them by carrying myself as one familiar in the past with pleasant little vices, and not so far away from those laxer times as to have forgot the taste of cakes and ale, or to have lost sympathy with fellows whose business hasn't forced them to a certain austerity of life. I've a gentle scourge for the sinner's back. What I can't uphold in way of social pastimes I leave alone." His voice had a tone of simple good-nature, and Wade found himself liking this Timothy of the decadence, however the young man's views went cross to his own traditions of the priestly office.

Graham had a kind of primitive human quality, which, being temperamental and irrespective of moral traits, must have attracted both puritan and pagan. He and Wade took many walks together. Sometimes they rolled before them old Mr. Ruley's chair. Sometimes Elizabeth joined them, and her bearing, so far as Wade could see, put both young men upon an equal footing of passive favor.

"To see her disturbed!" Wade sometimes said to himself, in view of the girl's passionless calm. "Anger—anything—would be a relief. She seems utterly without emotional capacity, this agate-eyed young person. Yet we're generally hanging round her, I notice, Graham and I!"

One night, as the three strolled towards the beach, just on the edge of dark, they saw a great moon heaving its rosy shoulders above the rippling dove hue of the ocean. Momently the delicate pink of the rising sphere changed to a clearer red. Then a tint of orange dashed it, and suddenly the jagged sea shone as if smitten across with a blazing sword—the sharp reflex of the lifting light. It was quiet, almost lonely, at the farthest end of the walk. Only the murmuring of the surf took the ear, as the rising tide nibbled with white teeth at the crusted sands. Against the faded western crimson sparks of white and amber flickered. A narrow lake to the left looked like a sprig of burnished coral under the sinking redness of the sky.

Graham, with his hat far back, and with a cheery light in his good-looking face, talked for the party. For Wade was in a pensive mood, and beside him Elizabeth walked in silence, looking far out at the water with eyes which held now, as ever, a teasing mystery of reticence.

Two men came in sight on the board promenade. Their figures were outlined in solitary distinction upon the tremulous ground of shining sea. One seemed to be a common-looking fellow, in smart but cheap attire. The other, sauntering nearer, caught Wade's attention by reason of a certain Byronic affectation of languid cynicism. He had a dissipated pallor, a limp shirt front, and longish black coat, which, as he walked, whipped about his knees. A general shabbiness hung over him. His hat was rakishly tipped, his oily hair worn rather long.

He came on with his companion, and threw a glance upon the people in the path. Suddenly Wade saw his pale face light up. The fellow paused as if startled, and then strode forward with a hand outstretched.

"*You* here?" he cried, in a tone of enthusiastic incredulity. "You here at the beach! I never dreamed you—" He broke off as if the mere delight of coming thus unexpectedly upon Elizabeth Ruley had quite robbed him of the power of speech.

Wade, pausing with the others, turned a surprised glance upon the girl beside him. It was a mistake, no doubt, this apparent recognition. But perhaps, after all, she knew the man—for she had stopped short in the way, and stood rigid, as if her joints went stiff with some most unwelcome sense. She seemed as if holding her breath, and her eyes were wide. Then something that was like a shiver went over her, and a hot red shook in her cheeks.

"How strange," she said, advancing a step to meet the man's reaching hand—"how strange to meet you here!" And turning to Wade and Graham, she added: "Mr. Wilmuth is an old—friend of mine. I should like to speak to him about something in which we are mutually interested—if you will walk on and let me catch up with you presently."

V.

The two men thus admonished walked onward. A certain sense of strangeness hung in the moral atmosphere; but neither of them spoke of the matter. Graham's brow had, for a moment, a drawn sort of expression. Then as the refrain of a distant band wandered to his ears he began to hum the melody. Some girls with white scarfs on their heads passed by, casting gay glances at the young men, and Graham regarded them without clerical severity.

"I used to like girls like that—full of go and gayety—till I met Miss Ruley," he observed. "In fact, I was interested in her before I ever saw her, from hearing her father talk. As soon as I reached the town I heard of his troubles, and I went to see him. He rather took to me, strangely enough, and I learned of his daughter. He used to read me parts of her daily letters—faithful girl, that! So I felt well acquainted with her when she came home in March. The old man gave down completely at that time, and she dropped everything and came to him. Of course, living as she does with a friend of the family, it was less difficult than it might have been in other circumstances."

Graham stopped to yawn and look round. Elizabeth was coming toward them. Her little light figure swept along the walk with diminutive dignity, and she was quite alone. Whatever had become of her friend Mr. Wilmuth, it seemed as if his absence had only a quieting effect upon Elizabeth; for her face was bright, and a kind of smile touched and left her lips as she offered some word of excuse for delaying the two.

When they came to the hotel porch Mr. Ruley murmured a little at being so long left by himself.

"Miss Ruley met a friend," unadvisedly began Graham, stopping short, however, with a late instinct of discretion.

"Of ours—from home?" cut in the old man.

"No, no, papa," said Elizabeth—a small laugh actually rippled from her throat as she laid her hand on his white rough hair—"a man I met since I've been away from Indiana."

"Why did you not bring him back to the hotel with you?" asked Mr. Ruley. "Your friends, my child, have, I may say, my warmest interest. I have often wished that the seclusion of your life were less extreme. You are but young."

"I'm but a lassie yet," smiled Elizabeth. And she took up lightly the song, pointing the words with pretty gestures, and leaning as she sang against the old man's shoulder. The fitful glaring of the curb lamp, struggling with a defective incandescent, discovered a rippling dimple in her cheek, a clean-cut reft in her chin, the darkness and warmth in her eyes of the fruit of the wild blackthorn ripened to the southward.

With this natural girlish mood upon her, she was so unlike her strangely cold and silent self that Wade had a visionary feeling in observing her. Against the yellow lace-festooned windows of the lighted parlor she appeared quaint and fantastic, like a thing fashioned in a dream, and subject to irrational impulses which might cause her, on the sudden, to vanish and be nothing.

A smell of brine and honeysuckles came strong and sweet. When Elizabeth broke into a note of appreciation, saying, "I wish I had a great bunch of those fragrant yellow things," Wade rose.

"I will steal you some," he said. "They are hanging their honey temptingly near—on the next porch, in fact."

"You are, of course, merely jesting?" hesitated Mr. Ruley, already rising to go to his room for the night.

"Oh yes!" cried Wade. "I shall ask the owners."

When he came back, presently, with a lot of the dewy bells springing lustily from a mat of flaccid green leafage, he found Elizabeth alone. Graham had evidently attended her father up stairs. She took the flowers eagerly, burying her face in their fresh amber.

"Are they stolen sweets?" she asked.

"Will it be a bond between us if they are?"

"Of friendship?—thieves do not have friends, but only evil associates."

"Oh, well, murmured Wade, losing himself a little, "friendship has its limitations! I'm not sure"—he paused with a slight embarrassment. Was he talking sentiment to the future wife of the Rev. Frederic Clinton Graham? He looked at Elizabeth. Over the bunch of honeysuckles, her face, faintly touched with smiles, with half-mocking provocation, with the insidious glamour of the moonlight, had a distracting, altogether unusual witchery. The young man was charmed, puzzled, disconcerted. Was this Elizabeth?

The noise of moving chairs and loitering feet broke through his muse. People were tramping back and forth in an interval of the ballroom music, and Wade felt the annoyance of a suddenly roused dreamer. He cast round upon the laughing crew a chastising eye.

"Do you mind the noises?" asked Elizabeth. "They are all so happy!"

"Maddingly so," said Wade, with deep feeling.

"I forgive them," cried Elizabeth, softly. "I'm charitable to-night."

"Being yourself happier than usual?"

"Perhaps. I guess I've been quite contented all along, only I didn't show it, because I didn't know it! A person may not realize one mental condition till brought face to face with its opposite."

"Oh yes! averted peril teaches the sweetness of safety," said Wade. And then he chilled with a sharp sense of what this inadvertent remark might convey to her. But if she took it as an impertinence, or a mere offshoot of self-evident philosophy, there was nothing in her manner to indicate either. Presently after she went away, and left him to the multitudinous loneliness of the jammed gallery.

As the days merged towards the end of August, Hildreth was packed to the very gates. The wiry yellow grasses along the neat walks were trampled into powder. The very sands, for all the effacing fingers of the tides, seemed never free of footprints, and by day and night the ocean promenade, the interior of the town, lake-sides, hotels, and the surf itself, were a press of holiday folk.

In these times Mr. Ruley seldom went forth in his rolling-chair, except early of a morning, when the beach was yet way-free, and the sands unfrequented save for a few bare-legged men, who, with long wooden rakes, redd up the sea-verge for the day.

Sometimes Wade pushed the chair. But since the night when he gave Elizabeth the honeysuckles he had in some measure avoided the old preacher's small circle. There had been, on that occasion, a newness of impulse in his spirit which made him feel the advisability of keeping himself out of harm's way, however sweet that way might seem. Graham was the favored suitor. He, Wade, having no chance for the rose, could at least withhold his flesh from the thorn.

"So," said Grace Gayle, "you're out of the running?"

"Ruled off," smiled Wade.

"Don't you make any mistakes," wisely admonished Miss Gayle. "I've seen her look at him, and I've seen her look at *you*."

"This is most surprising," indicated Wade, with a feigned accent. "You will pardon me, Gracie, if I scarcely credit your statement."

"Be sarcastic if you want to," said Gracie. "If you knew anything at all, you'd know that 'straws show which way the winds blow.' When a woman regards a man with a kind of flat, frank sincerity, it's because her heart's altogether out of his reach. When she looks *around* him rather than *at* him, it's because—" Gracie lifted her shoulders suggestively.

"Grace," breathed Wade, gravely, "I am hurt to the quick to see you developing the germs of what painfully resembles thought. For Heaven's and your sex's sake, pause while there is yet time. Women who form the pernicious habit of thinking, lose in time the magic key which unlocks the hearts of men."

Grace sniffed. "Men's hearts are never locked," she said, sagaciously. "The heavier the padlock the smoother the hinges." She shook her crisp curls as she tripped away with her airy, mincing, soubrette tread.

Notwithstanding the inconsequent nature of this talk, it set Wade to thinking. Perhaps he had carried his principle of self-effacement too far. At all events, when he next saw Miss Ruley, he went up to her and stopped for a moment's conversation.

It chanced to be on the sands. Elizabeth was sitting by herself under the arch of a lace-hung sunshade, which cast shaking little shadows on her face, sprigging it with such delicate darknesses as lurk in the misty milk of moss-agate.

"You are going in, then?" she asked, smiling up rather uncertainly, and noticing his flannel attire. "Mr. Graham is already very far out. That is he, I think, taking that big breaker. What a stroke!"

Wade, focussing an indulgent eye, saw a figure away beyond the other bathers, rising to the lift of a great billow. The man swam with a splendid motion. Whether he dived or floated or circled his arms in that whirling stroke of his, he seemed in subtle sympathy with the sea, possessed of a kinship with it, and in an element altogether his own.

Wade expressed an appropriate sentiment of admiration.

Just then Gracie Gayle came gambolling along, a childish shape, kirtled to the knee in bright blue, and turbanned in vivid scarlet. Among the comfortably waisted figures on the sands she was like a humming-bird scintillating in a staid gathering of barn-yard fowls. Bailey was with her, having turned up again after a fortnight's absence.

The two paused beside Elizabeth, and Wade went on, confused by the singular way in which that small fair face, shadow-streaked and faintly smiling, lingered in his vision. He was still perplexed with a half-pleasant, half-pained consciousness of it as he plunged into the pushing surf, and felt a dizzy world of water heave round him. The surge was strong to-day, and the splashing and screaming of the shore bathers sent him farther and still farther out. Gradually their cries lessened in his ear, and there was with him presently only the hollow thud of the waves and the rushing hiss of the cresting foam.

Once, as he rose to a sea-lift, it seemed to him that he heard a sound that was not the boom of the breakers nor the hissing of the slipping froth. It came again, whatever it was, and as he gave ear he took in a human intonation, sharp and agonized. It was a cry for help.

Wade shook the brine from his hair, freeing his gaze for an outlook. In the glassy mound of water to his right a face, lean and white with alarm, gleamed and faded. That the sinking man was Graham came instantly to Wade's mind—Graham, a victim to some one of the mischances which the sea reserves for those who adventure too confidently with her.

Wade struck out instantly for the spot where Graham's appalled features were briefly glimpsed. Shoreward he could note an increasing agitation among the multitudes. Evidently the people had noticed the peril of the remote swimmer whose exploits had so lately won admiring comment. The beach-guard no doubt was buckling to his belt the life-rope coiled always on the sands for such emergencies. Cries of men and women rang stifled over the water—exclamations of fear and advice and excitement, mingled in a long continuous wail.

Graham's head rose in sight, a mere speck upon the dense green of the bulging water. Wade, fetching nearer in wide strokes, suddenly felt himself twisted violently out of his course, and sucking round in a futile effort with some undercurrent. He was almost near enough to lay hold of Graham, when this new sensation explained lucidly the cause of Graham's danger. They were both in the claws of a sea-puss, which, as Wade realized its touch, appeared as if wrenching him straight out to the purring distance of the farther sea.

Even in the first consternation of this discovery he felt himself thrust hard against a leaden body, and in the same instant Graham's hands snatched at him in a desperate reach for life.

"For God's sake, don't hold me like this!" Wade expostulated. "Let go. Trust me to do what I can. You're strangling me, man!"

But Graham was past sanity. He only clutched with the more frenzy at the thing which seemed to keep him from the ravenous mouth of these snarling waters.

Wade, in a kind of composed despair, sent a look towards the beach. They were putting out a boat, a tiny shell, which frisked in the surf, and seemed motionless in the double action of the waves. Men laid hard at the oars. The little craft took the first big wave as a horse takes a hurdle. It dropped from the glassy height, and Wade saw it sink into a breach of the sea. Then, flashing with crystal, it bore up again and outward.

The figures running and gesticulating on the beach had a marvellous distinctness to Wade's submerging eyes. He noticed the blue sky, flawed with scratches of white, the zigzag roof-lines of the great town, the twisting flags and meshes of dark wire. Everything oppressed him with a sort of deadly clearness, as if a metal stamp should press in melting wax.

He was momently sinking, drawn ever outward by the undercurrent, and downward by the weighty burden throttling him in its senseless grasp. He looked once more through a blinding veil of foam, and saw the boat dipping far to the left. A phantasm of life flickered before him. Unsuspected trivialities shook out of their cells, and amazed him with the pygmy thrift of memory. Then came a sense of confusion, as if the spiritual and corporal lost each its boundary and ranged wild, and Wade felt the sea in his eyes, stroking them down as gently as ever any watcher by the dying.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE PUTNAM MEMORIAL PARK.

BY STANLEY EDWARD JOHNSON.

It has been gratifying to note that within a few years there has been a soberer and more definite movement to preserve such of those relics, regions, and homes as pertain to the heroes and important events connected with our Revolutionary war and early history. Our neglect of these things has been grave and reprehensible, particularly in contrast with the great care exercised in England and the many European countries for objects and places that embody their national story. As a result of this carelessness on our part the amount which remains is small.

Massachusetts has taken the lead in procuring national landmarks. Not only has the State Legislature been conscious of the need, but individual effort and wealth have been directed toward it. In other States there has been a lamentable disregard, a shameful vandalism in the destruction of old historic buildings.

In New Haven, for example, we find very recently a case in point which makes the souls of antiquarians shudder. True, there was a protest against the tearing down of the old Capitol on the "Green"; but this classic structure fell, and the dust of its past history rose as if to shield it from its humiliation. But when the fine typical colonial parsonage which had been the home of John Davenport, the founder of New Haven, and the first pastor of its first church, was to be torn down—within the past two years—there was practically no objection. How much better it would have been had the city purchased this building, gathered in it the relics of their founders, placed a family in a few rooms as custodians, and charged a small admission fee into this museum of the early days!

The Legislature of Connecticut is worthy of praise, however, for its preservation of an old Revolutionary campground in the southern part of the State, which invites the attention of the lover of history and the antiquarian.

There was one heroic general in the war of the Revolution who exceeded all others in his picturesque personality, whose brave adventures have delighted Americans. This man was Major-General Israel Putnam, who was universally, in his day and since, known, feared, and beloved as "Old Put."

It will be unnecessary to enter particularly into the career of this famous colonial soldier in the two earliest and most important American wars. Massachusetts can claim his birthplace, in the old homestead which now stands in Danvers, Massachusetts, but he early married and emigrated to Connecticut, where was mainly the scene of his usefulness, where he slew the fierce wolf (whose den may be still seen), and the spot where he escaped the British by riding down the steep steps of Horseneck. He was a man of great proportions, whose character was made up of great powers, each one of which alone would have brought him to distinction.

Putnam's closing days as a soldier were spent as commander of a wing of the Continental army in winter quarters, on a wild spot of ground a few miles from Danbury, Redding, and Bethel, Connecticut. It was during the winter of 1778-9, when the condition of the colonial troops was most discouraging. Clothing was scanty and thin, and the winter weather severely cold; food was scarce, and money was "hard." During a period of about five months these troops remained on these acres. When they departed the log cabins and other numerous traces of their life remained behind, and for over a century remained practically undisturbed, subject only to the destroying power of time.

The troops here encamped included two brigades of infantry and one brigade of cavalry from Connecticut, and a brigade of New Hampshire infantry under General Poore. The Connecticut troops, many of them, were reared in the towns near the camp, and returned to their homes after the struggle. It is not surprising, then, that their descendants had a large interest in the spot, and it is due to this feeling that the spot has now been reserved as the property of the State, and by the combined effort of the State Legislature and public-spirited citizens will be a permanent teacher of the life and times of the Revolution.

The whole park comprises forty acres, given to the State by ex-State Senator Isaac H. Bartram, of Sharon, Aaron Treadwell, and O. B. Jennings, of Fairfield. The ancestors of all these men were fellow-sufferers in the camp during that dreadful winter. The major part of the gift, however, came from Senator Bartram, who, as the representative of his Senatorial district in the Legislature, was able to do some effective work in convincing that body of the need and wisdom of an appropriation. He at last succeeded in moving them to give him a few hundred dollars—a striking instance indeed of liberality.

With this the work was begun. The ground is by nature wild and picturesque. It rises by a series of three plateaux, the first two being protected by two rocky bluffs, here and there showing their bare granite sides through spruces, hemlocks, balsams, and birches. Sheltered by these bluffs there were three groups of log cabins. From the highest plateau can be seen, in clear weather, the glistening blue expanse of Long Island Sound. General Putnam showed admirable wisdom in the selection of the place, fitted peculiarly for military purposes. During the previous winter the people along the Sound had suffered severely from the devouring British, and it was partly for their protection that this place was selected. It was not the intention of the State Commission in charge of building the park to destroy any of these natural and wild features, but to preserve, as far as possible, this and all the remnants of the days of camp life.

Many of the old fireplaces have been examined, and in the ashes buried there for over a century and a decade many precious relics have been found. These have been carefully cared for.

Another interesting antiquity was discovered. Along a brook was found the remains of an old bridge, which led to the quarters of the officers in charge of the camp. On an elevation above the stream had stood the guard-house. The bridge was a stone structure, and had fallen so deeply into the earth as to be hardly visible. It has remained undisturbed, however, and four granite posts serve to mark its location definitely.

One of the reproduced log cabins has been placed on the site of the old headquarters.

Another attraction at the end of the line of the heaps of stone marking the sites of the old log cabins is the remnant of an old oven, which was used, doubtless, to bake the bread of the soldiers.

Long before General Putnam came to this spot it was made historically interesting through the personality of that most troublesome of Indians, King Philip. At the northern end of the park, near Redding, Connecticut, this red warrior has a permanent and massive memorial in a frowning cliff of rock. King Philip, so the tradition runs, when hard pressed by his enemies, found a secure shelter in a cave in this rock, high up towards its summit.

On the highest point of the park has been raised a simple granite monument, about thirty feet high, which on the four sides of its entablature tells the story of the spot. It is an obelisk in form, and is composed of rectangular pieces of granite, gathered from the grounds of the park itself.

THE SUTRO BATHS.

The life of the people in San Francisco differs from the life led in nearly all our other cities of America. It is a slower-moving, more out-of-doors life. San Francisco is cursed, it is true, more or less, by heavy fogs and high cold winds, but bright sunshine is the rule rather than the exception. There is no winter, and what chill there is in the air gives you vigor and energy.

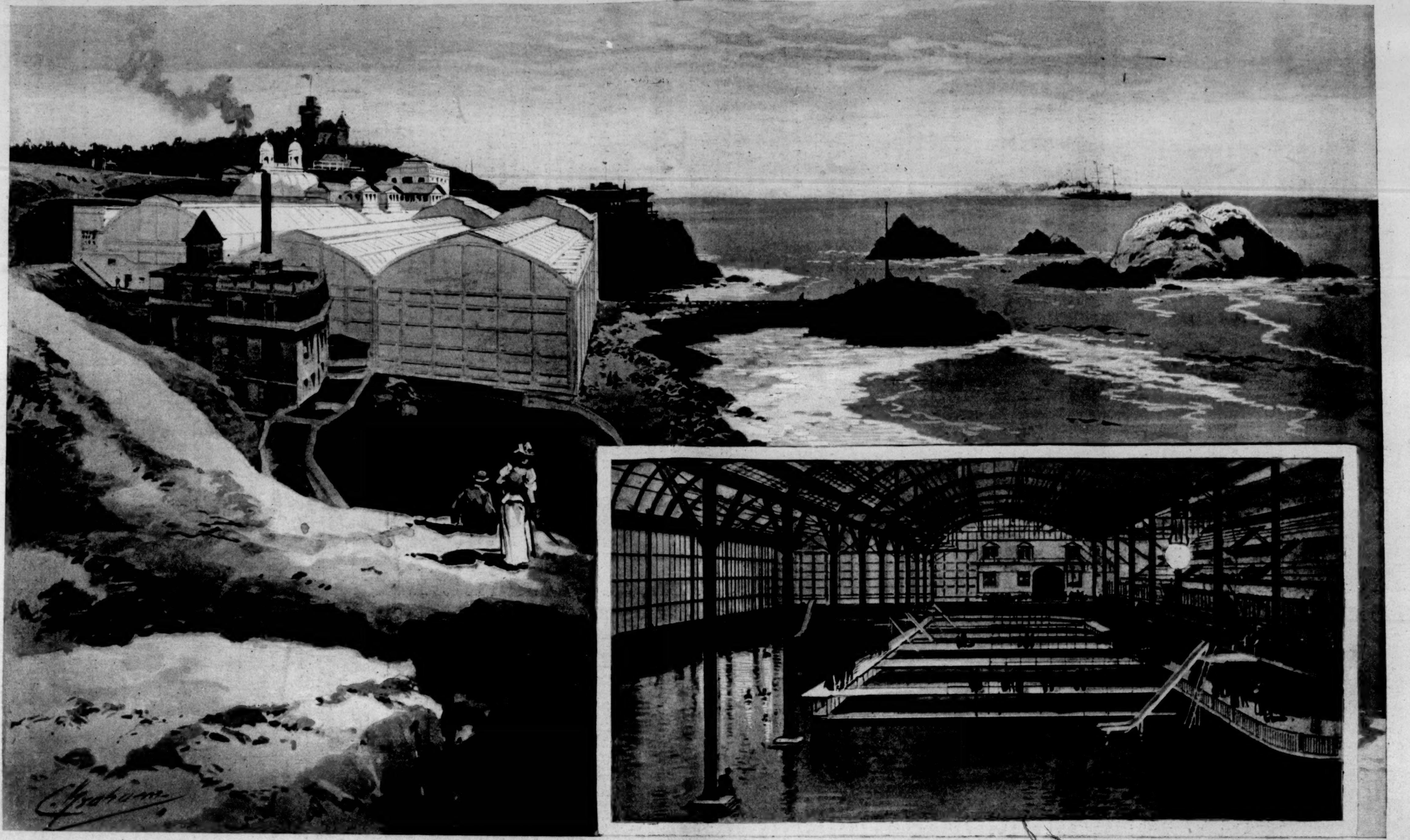
Notwithstanding the fact that San Francisco occupies a peninsula, there is but little salt-water bathing. The water is too cold for comfortable plunges; unless one goes across the bay, to Oakland or Alameda, where there are sun-warmed flats, little pleasure can be derived from the superabundance of sea-water. But the city possesses bath-houses and swimming-tanks of heated salt water where one can enjoy almost any kind of a bath.

At the extreme northwestern end of the peninsula occupied by San Francisco is that Mecca of all tourists, the Cliff House. From its piazza is an unobscured view of the Pacific, and at the base of the cliff on which the house stands are those famous seal rocks, covered with ever-moving throngs of barking seals. Just to the right of the hotel is the Golden Gate, a narrow entrance between high hills, connecting the ocean with the bay.

Overlooking the Cliff House are the Sutro Heights, made attractive by shrubs, flowers, statuary, and winding walks, that command extended views of ocean, Gateway, and distant city.

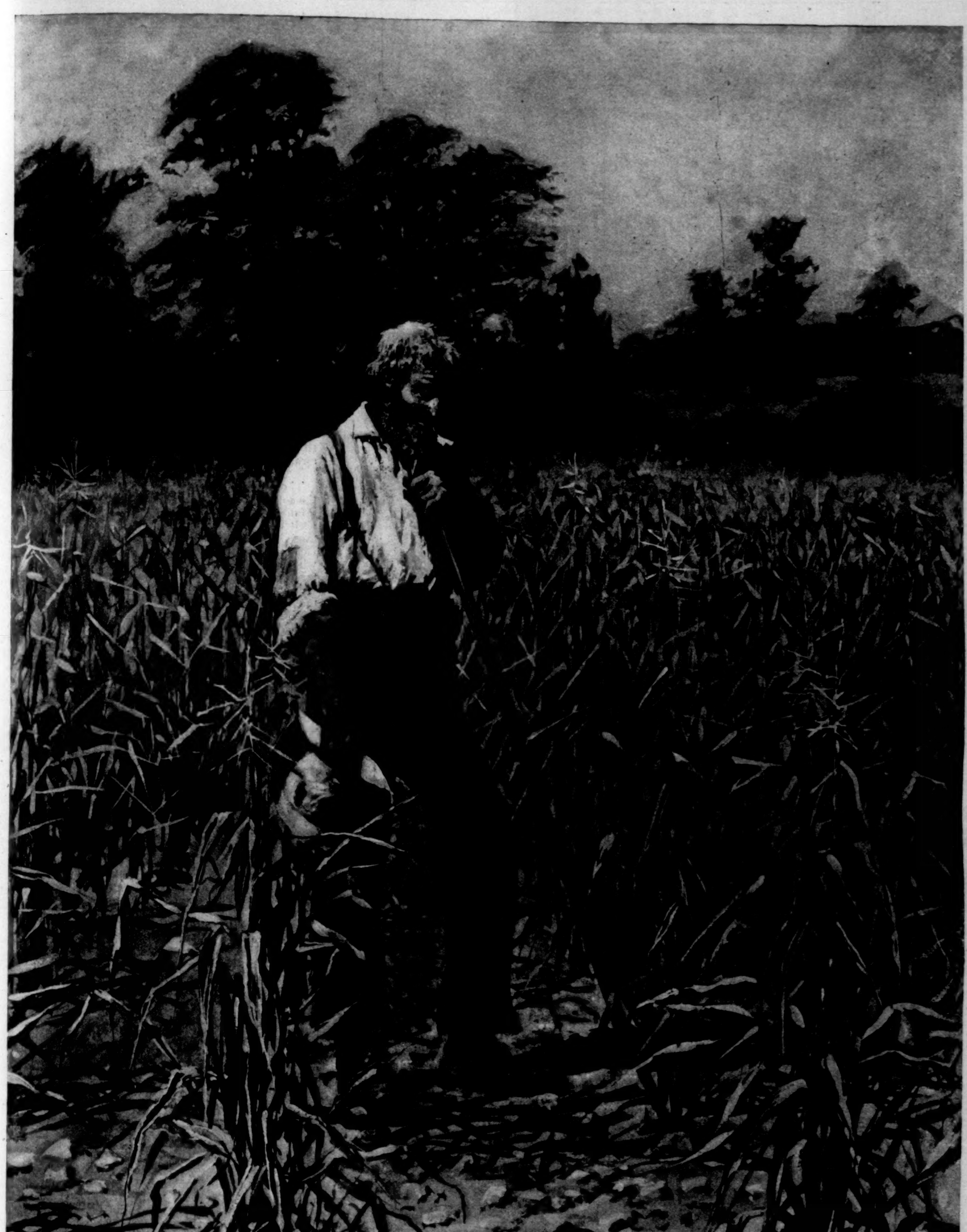
Just below the Heights are the Sutro Baths. No baths so large, so expensive, or so perfect in every detail have ever before been built in America, or perhaps in the world. They are as solid as iron and stone can make them. From the immense central swimming-tank the seats for bathers and spectators rise in tier upon tier like the seats of a Roman amphitheatre. Imagine Madison Square Garden filled with sea-water to a depth of from four to ten feet, and you can have a conception of the main tank. Then there are smaller ponds, as one naturally calls the several basins, and all are filled with tempered sea-water brought in from the ocean, whose waves roll to the very walls of the building. In the main tank you can hear the surf through the great windows. There are all sorts of private bathing-rooms, a restaurant, long galleries lined with plants, dancing-halls, elevators to take one from floor to floor; swimming-masters and an army of attendants wait upon one; there is an orchestra-stand, and here and there grass-plots dotted with flowering plants.

The baths were begun nearly ten years ago, and were opened to the public the last of August. Space for the building has been hewn from solid rock, and tunnels have been run seaward to catch basins filled at every full tide. The surface covered by the baths has an ocean frontage, nearly all glass and iron, of 350 feet. On three sides it is protected by cliffs rising higher than the dome; on the fourth side is the ocean. A small admission fee only is charged. Eventually the baths may be deeded the city, together with the other property owned by Mr. Sutro, the philanthropic projector, on the Point.



THE SUTRO BATHS, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 855.]

The largest Salt-water Baths in the World.



A PRAYER FOR RAIN.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

THE WESTERN STAIRCASE AT ALBANY.

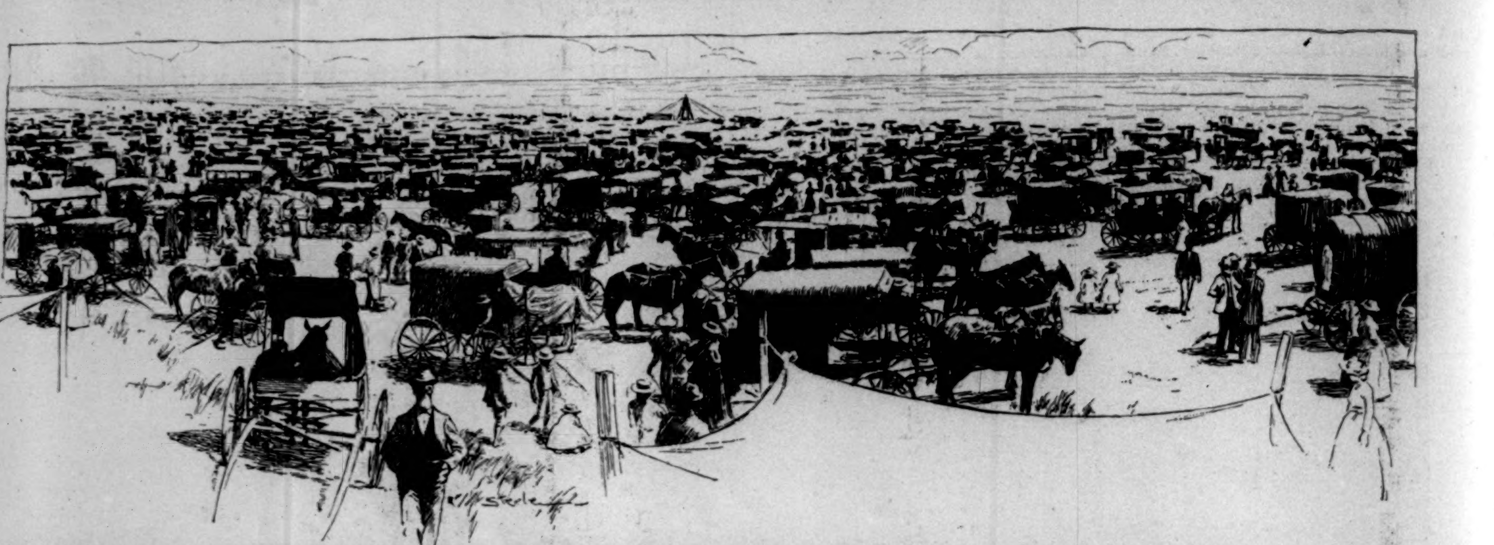
WHEN the first appropriation of $250,000 was made toward the erection of a new Capitol in Albany it was provided that no part of it should be expended till plans had been approved within the limit of $4,000,000 for the completed work. That was in 1867. The first excavation was made in the same year; the first stone was laid in 1869, and the corner-stone in 1871. Early in 1879 the Assembly Chamber, the Assembly staircase, and several rooms on the north side were opened, with a grand reception. The total cost to October, 1893, was $20,726,971, and since that date about $500,000 more has been expended. The total cost will probably be about $25,000,000. This figure exceeds the cost of any legislative building in the world. The Capitol in Washington has cost less than $15,000,000, and this includes the cost of rebuilding after the destruction by fire in the war of 1812. The Houses of Parliament in London, with 100 staircases, 1100 apartments, and three towers, each one of them more than 300 feet in height, cost about $16,000,000, and the palace at Versailles about the same amount.

The original designs of the Capitol in Albany called for a much plainer building than the one that greets the eye to-day. Hardly had the work of construction begun when the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia came as a great educator of art, and the effect was marked in the changes that were made. Thus, while the basement and the lower story are in the massive style of the Roman Renaissance, the stories above break into the Gothic, Eastern, and Moorish forms. Much of this change was due to the guiding genius of the late Mr. Richardson.

But the rapid education of the American people in matters of art is still more evident within the building, where the whole world seems to have been laid under contribution. Here are marbles from Italy and Tennessee, onyx from Mexico, granite from Scotland and Maine, and woods from Central America, California, and many other States of the Union. So that the cost of the Assembly Chamber and the Senate Chamber, with their respective staircases, the eastern approach, and the new western staircase, has already footed up more than the original estimate of $4,000,000 for the whole building.

The Assembly staircase cost about $250,000. It occupies a space of 51 feet 6 inches by 34 feet 9 inches, extending through four stories to the roof. The material is a gray sandstone from Ohio. It is of the Gothic style, rather simple and heavy, after designs by Mr. Eidlitz. The Senate staircase was designed by Mr. Richardson, also in the Gothic style, but more elaborate, and with an Egyptian treatment in decoration. The cost was $425,000. A space of 49 feet by 49 feet 6 inches is taken from the ground-floor upward. All of these figures include the corridors about two of the sides of each staircase. In the third and last staircase, known as the western, the space occupied is 73 feet by 68 feet 6 inches, while the height is 112 feet 6 inches from the ground-floor to the top of the glazed dome. This staircase is now well toward completion. Like the cost of the Capitol itself, the cost of the new staircase has grown as time went on. Originally estimated at $304,000 in 1883, a second estimate, three years later, was $340,000 to finish, and a third estimate, in 1889, was a similar amount to finish. So that the total cost will be over $1,000,000.

The material of the stairs and the corridors is that used



THE ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE OF THE JERSEY FARMERS TO THE BEACH AT SEA GIRT.

in the Senate staircase, Corsehill freestone from Scotland. The steps are of Medina sandstone; the hammer-beams of the corridor ceilings, of Fox Island granite; and the panels of the same, of Ohio sandstone.

The details of the work, however, show still more remarkably than the exterior of the building the progress made in American art and the disposition to make public works of this sort educators of the people. One of the most conspicuous of the elaborate carvings is the lintel over the entrance to the State Library. Here are the heads of Minerva, Homer, and Shakespeare, with a mass of delicately executed foliage covering a broad band that extends the whole length of the long corridor. Beaded rolls finish the under sides of the many arches and ellipses throughout the work. In the capitals of the clustered columns on the second story are carved the heads of Vesputius, Hudson, Champlain, Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Cooper, and other men conspicuous in American history. The corbels under the balconies at the third floor have bass-reliefs representing Agriculture, Labor, and Education, each with appropriate central figures in high relief, while the progress of navigation is told in the ship of the Vikings, the caravels of Columbus, and the modern steamer. The versatility of the designers is apparent in the fact that no two of the many mouldings for the panels of the corridors are alike, while each one of the four hundred small balusters has a carved capital wholly unlike any of the others.

As a whole, the western staircase is the crowning work of the Capitol.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD

Postage-stamp collectors are doubtless already aware that about the 1st of November Uncle Sam will begin to circulate a new set of stamps. The understanding is that the collectors are pleased by every new issue of stamps. To be sure, it puts them to some trouble, and even to some expense, but trouble and expense are no drawback to stamp-collectors, or, indeed, to collectors of any sort. Things that are neither expensive nor troublesome are not worth collecting. The special merit about new issues of stamps is that the trouble and cost of adding them to one's collection is small compared with the satisfaction they give. Uncle Sam is to make his new stamps himself, instead of hiring them made, as heretofore, by the American Bank-note Company. They are to be very like the present ones in design, with just enough difference to gratify a collector. A change of color may be made, which has an interesting reason. It was suggested at a meeting of the International Postal Union at Paris, in 1878, that the stamps most in use in the countries composing the Union should be of uniform colors, so that travellers and immigrants might know better what to buy. Our most used stamps are the ones, twos, and fives. For those, and the corresponding stamps of foreign countries, the colors chosen were respectively green, red, and blue. Thus, if this plan were carried out, our five-cent stamp, the British two-and-a-half-pence stamp, and the French twenty-five-centime stamp, and others of like value, would all be blue, and could be purchased by sample, and European travel would be shorn of one more of its perplexities.

One of the merits that is credited to the circulating-library system in England is that it keeps the bookshelves in English houses moderately clear of ephemeral literature. "The imagination is appalled," says the *Times*, "at the thought of what would be the result if the Society of Authors induced the public to buy their novels outright. The purchases of a few years would accumulate to such an extent that only an annual holocaust would save the library from becoming a dismal museum of books which no one would ever wish to read twice." One would think there were no hospitals in England, nor any departing guests who would take a book to read on their journey. A novel that is good for anything is easy to dispose of to advantage, even if it is flimsy, while a moderate collection of ephemeral stories discreetly rescued from the passing stream is an excellent thing to have in the house. In case of sickness an old novel sometimes affords much relief, while in a growing family some store of them is indispensable. One of the complaints about the British three-volume circulating-library system has been that it put into covers great numbers of books that had no valid claim to get even into print. The expectation is that when the British buy their novels outright they will use more discrimination as to what they read than now, when they only hire them. So, even if the accumulations that the *Times* apprehends do take place, the quality of them may be better than it anticipates.

Apropos of a recent address of Mr. Balfour at the opening of a golf-links at Chiselhurst, the London *Times* dwells upon the value of golf as a solace for declining years. "At forty," it says,

> "a man is a fogey on the cricket field, and may fail to make a dignified or elegant appearance on the lawn-tennis ground, while he must have failed in his duties as a citizen if he can join in a football scrimmage without searchings of heart on account of posterity. It is then too late to acquire real excellence in golf, and the unfortunate is doomed to realize the Disraelian saying that old age is a regret. Whereas, he more happily born and taught, who in the days of his youth brings eye and foot and hand and muscle into perfect accord upon the golf-links, is blessed in the knowledge that while he can hobble, or waddle, from hole to hole, while he can swing a club over the ball, which, perchance, he cannot stoop to pick up, he has a perennial and absorbing interest in life."

This is a comfortable deliverance except in one particular. Some thousands of Americans who have begun to find baseball impracticable and lawn-tennis uninteresting will be pained at the assertion of the *Times* that real excellence in golf is not attainable at forty. It is by men of about that age in this country that golf has been most warmly received and is most cordially prized. To tell them they can never excel at it seems a needless brutality. Happily they will not believe it, or, even if they do, will still play golf, for it is one of the merits of that game that even a tyro can enjoy it, and that not the most disheartening experience can blight the expectation of doing better next time.

It should be known and appreciated that Senator White, of California, a comparatively new member of his branch of the government, alluded in a speech to the rules of the body he was addressing as "a volume of silurian epigrams." At a time when the faults of some Senators have brought the whole Senate into disfavor it is particularly fit that the virtues of such Senators as have virtues should be remarked and cherished and remembered. Certainly there is virtue in Mr. White, and he is not without the faculty of giving it expression.

It is a real comfort to discover that the Golden House that gives its title to Mr. Warner's serial in **Harper's Monthly** is not a Fifth Avenue palace, as one would naturally suppose, but a shingle-clad cottage on the shore of Long Island. The story has hardly got home to it yet, but it promises to prove a salutary refuge. Mr. Warner's puppets, by-the-way, are very good company. His good people are not too good for human nature's daily food, and his not-so-good people are not so bad as to be nauseating. His erring-husband-with-a-wife-too-good-for-him seems about to purchase a large chunk of fiscal experience, and the reader faces with cheerful equanimity the prospect of seeing him fold his butterfly wings and buckle down to the support of his family.

In the text of the **Weekly** of August 18th it was correctly stated that the National Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America had been holding its twenty-fourth annual convention at St. Paul, but unhappily on one of the picture pages of the same issue the convention is erroneously credited to Minneapolis. An error which credits to Minneapolis anything that rightfully belongs to St. Paul is not the sort of error that can escape detection, and this one was promptly found out. On the same page is a picture of Bishop Watterson, who is there assigned to Minneapolis, instead of to Columbus, Ohio, where he really lives. Minneapolis has a resident Methodist bishop, but her Roman Catholics share in the ministrations of Archbishop Ireland, who lives in St. Paul.

Some of the English women who were members of the committee that gathered and sent the British exhibit for the Woman's Building at the Chicago Fair are considering the feasibility of holding an international exhibition of women's work in London in 1898. Their plan, so far as it has taken form, is not to contrast work done by women with work done by men, but to make an exhibition which shall show women who don't work what they might do if they would, and shall teach women who do work to work to better advantage. A special feature of the exhibition, if it goes through, will be industrial exhibits of all the various crafts in which English working-women are engaged. Whether or not the plan is carried out depends upon the degree of interest which English women and their men relations and friends can be induced to take in it. The seed has been sown, and the sowers apparently are waiting to see how much of it comes up.

The reported incarceration of Mr. Plunger Partridge, of Chicago, in an inebriate asylum calls attention anew to the unwholesomeness of life in the Chicago wheat-pit. Mr. Partridge a few years ago was a man of uncommon endurance and stamina, but the anxieties of his precarious calling seem to have exhausted his nervous system, and his relatives are evidently trying hard to restrain his gambling mania before further operations filch away his winnings. They will probably have no better luck than did the friends of Mr. Hutchinson, so well known as "Old Hutch," who, having used up the strength of his prime in squeezing and being squeezed, found rest and grateful change in his declining years in keeping a restaurant in New York. There are good grounds for the expectation that those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword, and in like manner it seems to be arranged by Destiny that those who live by the Chicago wheat-pit shall fall into it in the end and be swallowed up.

Though military experts speak in terms of high praise of the soldierly qualities and drill of the Chinese artillery and infantry, especially those of Manchoo blood, who have inherited much of their courage and military bearing, yet there is one dangerous mistake made in their uniform. Despite their excellent equipment and modern arms on wheels and for shoulders, they bear on back and breast a target, visible afar off, and of which the Japanese soldier will not be slow to avail himself. This varying device is the Chinese ideograph for "brave," the rampant dragon, the crest or monogram of the province from which he has come, the initial of commander whom he serves, or the badge of his regiment or corps. In the battle between Captain Murakami's single company from Senday, Japan, and the twelve or fifteen hundred Chinese, in Seoul, in 1884, the Japanese lay down upon the ground and deliberately took aim at or just below this circle on the Chinamen's breasts. They could see this even when the faces of the foe were not distinguishable. When the smoke of battle had ceased, it was found that the Japanese had lost two killed and eight wounded. The Korean loss is unknown. Of the Chinese, thirty-five dead bodies were counted inside the palace grounds, and out of twenty-two Chinese subsequently treated in the hospital twenty died of their wounds. Almost all of the latter proved to be below the waist. If the Chinese soldier can fire low, like his Japanese enemy, the tables will be turned. If the Tartar cavalrymen prove themselves worthy of their old fame, the Japanese, who have not enough horsemen for ordinary camp and field duty, will learn that delays in strengthening this arm are more than dangerous. If the Chinese soldiers can remember their foreign drill before an army from a once-pupil nation which in equipment, drill, and morale is not Asiatic, then— But we are not prophets.

Despite the traditionally peaceful nature of the Chinese, the history of the country is, with notable exceptions, a story in which battle and bloodshed are almost as frequent as in Europe. And yet it may be truly said that China has never known what war, as we understand it, is. True, a European army once penetrated to the capital, humbled the pride of the rulers, and inflicted a blow upon the court. But the actual horrors of war, except in their own civil strifes, have not been brought home to the people. When this has once been wholesomely done, such things as "missionary outrages" will be next to unknown, and murders of foreign envoys, such as those of the lamented Margary, will be unheard of.

It is interesting news to Americans that the London *Saturday Review* has changed hands, passing from the control of Mr. Beresford Hope into that of Mr. L. H. Edmunds. Mr. Edmunds is described as a wealthy lawyer, and as he is said to meditate no change in the policy of the paper, we may still look in it for the same amiable expressions of sentiment towards things American which have ministered to our amusement in time past. Mr. Walter H. Pollock has been the editor, and there is no intimation as yet that his administration is to lapse.

E. S. Martin.

"WASH-DAY" WITH THE NEW JERSEY FARMERS.

Sea Girt is the Mecca of the New Jersey farmer's Orient, and the second week in August is the time set apart for his annual pilgrimage. As far back as the oldest farmer in the State can remember, the second Saturday in August has been a red-letter day, and as strictly observed as Thanksgiving, Christmas, or even the glorious Fourth of July.

A thousand vehicles of variously assorted varieties and four or five times as many men, women, and children thronged the beach at Sea Girt on Wash-day this year, covering the stretch of sand from the Inlet for nearly half a mile south. Twenty years ago, it is said, the crowd was two or three times as large, but the more recent settlement of the coast has somewhat split up the bathing-place.

Most of those who attend the annual "Wash-day" at Sea Girt come from Monmouth and Ocean counties, though some of the pilgrims journey from their homes in the adjoining counties of Middlesex, Mercer, and Burlington. It is the custom to arrive upon the beach early on Saturday morning, so that those who live far from Sea Girt began their long drive on Friday afternoon.

But those who live nearer to the shore drove to the beach and camped there.

An early start was made on Saturday morning by those who stopped over at Freehold to join in the preliminary dissipations. The greater number of pilgrims were again on their journey and began to arrive at the beach about the time the city boarders in the towns through which they passed were eating breakfast. From early Friday evening until nearly noon on Saturday, when the last of the pilgrims reached their destination, a steady stream of wagons and carriages drove through Sea Girt straight to the beach. Once there, horses were unhitched and picketed on a grassy knoll just back of the beach to get their well-earned fodder, or tied to the backs of the wagons. There were old-fashioned country chaises, buckboards of the most ancient variety—many of them with rough-hewn saplings for springs—buggies, family carry-alls, and even hay-wagons and other farm trucks, all in various degrees of repair.

The more well-to-do farmers appeared in the shiny broadcloth coats—fashions of 1880—that had been carefully put away in the family clothes-presses for just such a special occasion as this. The women sat up uncomfortably straight in their brocade velvets and satinette dresses—fashions many years prior to 1880—and looked even more uncomfortable than the men. Few of the children were dressed in their holiday clothes, and they seemed to revel in the fact.

Every one was very serious. It was a solemn occasion. Though it was a day for merrymaking, they could not see anything to laugh about, and were apparently very sensitive about the smiles of the city people. Those who came in the hay-wagons, and the poorer classes of farmers, who packed their large families, sitting on each other's laps, into the shabby-looking carry-alls, until the rusty springs seemed ready to break, were dressed in their ordinary farm clothes. Old-fashioned calicoes and ginghams, striped and fancy-checked muslins, contrasted strongly with rough overalls and coarse farm shirts. In every wagon appeared huge baskets and suggestive-looking paper bundles and boxes.

"Wash-day" is a great occasion for the spending of money, and the shrewd New Jersey tradesmen and peddlers fully realized this fact in advance. Few of the farmers or their children come to the beach without money in their pockets, and the good-natured countrymen are the legitimate prey of shrewd hucksters, peddlers, and fakirs, as well as the few enterprising country merchants, who go in for a larger share of the profits.

When the first of the farmers arrived on Friday night, therefore, they found already in place many dozens of hastily put-up wooden stands. Here was a dangerous rifle-range, there a "merry-go-round," here a "razzle-dazzle," and scattered all about were other places where balls were thrown at dolls for lung-poisoning cigars, or rings were tossed for canes of very doubtful value; at the long uneven rows of smaller booths pop-corn, sausages, peanuts, and lemonade. Stray musicians, organ-grinders, peddlers on foot, peddlers in wagons, peddlers everywhere, lay in wait for the trusting countryman.

A loud-mouthed cheapjack imitated cleverly the language and voice of a farmer. Every third or fourth sentence he uttered was: "Stay whar ye be, now; stay jist whar ye be! I don't want none o' ye to go 'way, 'cause I got somethin' else to show ye." Then he would produce from the depths of his wagon some cheap catchpenny novelty. A package of small blank books, which could be bought in the city for five cents apiece, was offered in the fog-horn voice as follows:

"Now here's the fines' thing on the beach. I've got jist one more bundle left, an' I ain't goin' to ask no fancy price fer 'em. I ain't goin' to charge ye no fifty cents, forty, thirty, twenty, or fifteen fer 'em, but the first man that hands me up a dime gets one of them books. An' remember, now, I'm goin' ter give a present to every one as buys one off me. Stay jist whar ye be; don't go 'way, 'cause I got somethin' else to show ye after this. Now who buys the last book? Thanks! Now I'm goin' to give each of yous a present afore I show ye anything else."

Producing a box of cheap soap, he gave a small cake to each purchaser. Wonderful bargains, because something was thrown in free. This fakir sold out a large wagon-load of goods at equally high prices before the day was over.

Another man played on an old fiddle to attract a crowd before offering his wares, while a third did simple tricks to entice purchasers to his wagon. Most of the few farmers who safely ran the gauntlet of the peddlers were wrecked on the reefs of the swindlers, who were out in force. Wherever there are countrymen, there you will find sharpers.

As soon as the first novelty of looking at the booths and their wares had worn off, the bathing began. Even the women scorned bathing-houses, although there were some owned by an adjacent hotel on the beach. Shawls, blankets, lap-robes, and everything else available were draped about the carriages to act as screens. The bathers at once retired to the doubtful seclusion of these improvised dressing-rooms, and soon reappeared for their annual bath.

Some of the men and many of the children went into the water in the clothes they had worn from home, and then sat in the sun and dried them out. But the women changed theirs, and the change was not for the better. City-made bathing-suits were an unknown quantity, and even homemade suits built for the purpose were in the minority. Most of the bathers wore improvised costumes composed of ordinary clothes which had been abandoned for ordinary wear.

There seemed to be a marked diversity of opinion, too, upon the etiquette of bathing-dress. Some of the women wore stockings, while others did not. One woman actually wore gloves in the water. But the length of the skirt furnished the greatest variety. Fancy-colored striped and checked petticoats and closely fitted waists of calico, gingham, or muslin seemed to be the most popular, many of them retaining their original length and other proportions.

Most of the men wore old working-trousers or overalls, some cut off roughly at the knees or rolled up, while many of them, of their original length, reached to the ankles. These were generally supported by ordinary suspenders of fancy colors over old cotton shirts. One or two of them wore stockings or shoes to protect their feet.

From long before noon till nearly nightfall the bathers disported themselves in the waves at intervals, and the improvised life-line did constant duty throughout the day. Many, too, went into the still water of the inlet just back of the ocean, for very few knew how to swim, and all did not like the pounding of the surf.

At dinner hour they retired to the screened wagons again, and proceeded to devour the contents of the huge baskets and bundles. Then, too, as throughout the rest of the day, heavy black bottles made their frequent appearance.

The cries of the hucksters grew fainter in the afternoon, as their wares rapidly disappeared, and the crowd gave itself up to pure enjoyment.

Sunday morning found the last of the "washers" gone from the beach, but the sands were strewn with traces of the thousands of visitors, while the booths and stalls were still standing like the wrecks of abandoned vessels. J. PARMLY PARET.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

ADD 20 drops of DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS to every glass of water you drink.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER

is a delicate refreshing powder that will soften and refine the skin, and is not only a luxury but a necessity in this climate. It makes the face delicately smooth, giving it that transparent clearness which is the great beauty of all naturally fine complexions. Refuse all substitutes. The genuine is FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Royal Italian Opera,
Covent Garden, London.

It gives me great pleasure to testify to the marvellous effects of your "BROMO SODA," which enabled me to sing before his Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, during his recent visit to London.

The painful headache and indisposition from which I suffered before taking the "BROMO SODA" would have prevented me from appearing that evening had it not been for the aid of your valuable remedy.

LUIGI RAVELLI.

USE BROMO SODA.

Supplied by all Druggists.

Refuse all Substitutes.

Laughter Lends a New Charm to Beauty

when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life by using the fragrant

SOZODONT

This popular dentifrice is now a recognized essential of every toilet table. It is totally innoxious, CONTAINING NO ACID, and for preserving and CLEANSING THE TEETH, and retaining the normal condition of the gums, it has no rival.

More SOZODONT is annually sold than of all other dentifrices and tooth-washes combined. There must be a reason for this fact. SOZODONT has been many years before the world, and if it did not fulfil the promises made for it, it would long ago have fallen into oblivion. But the more it is used, the more it becomes in demand. Those who have tried it once, try it again, and then recommend its use to others.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

Financial.

Letters of Credit.

Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

EMERSON PIANOS
60.000 SOLD
43 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.
SWEET TONED.
SOLD ON MERIT.
MODERATE PRICES, TERMS REASONABLE.
Every Instrument Fully Warranted.
Catalogues Free.

EMERSON PIANO CO., 92 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK.
116 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
218 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against all disorders of the Stomach, and an appetizer.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

GRAVES ELEVATORS

PASSENGER & FREIGHT.
Safety Speed and Economy Combined.
GRAVES ELEVATOR CO.
ROCHESTER, N.Y. Send For Catalogue.
New York, 92 & 94 Liberty St.—Boston, 53 State St.,
Detroit, Hodges Bl'dg.—Atlanta, Ga., Inman Bldg.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Pipe Smoker

WE WANT YOU TO TRY
GOLDEN SCEPTRE
SMOKING TOBACCO.

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as a trial that it is almost PERFECTION. We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. Prices of Golden Sceptre, 1 lb., $1.30; ¼ lb., 40 cents, postage paid. Catalogue free.

SURBRUG, 159 Fulton St., N. Y. City.

"Improvement the Order of the Age."

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER

Catalogue mailed on application.

When you Buy a Typewriter
ask Who and What
Who speak well of it and what they say.
Uncle Sam
and the
Associated Press say that
THE SMITH PREMIER
is good enough for them.

You will say so after you have tried all other machines. Branch Offices in all leading cities.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, New York, U. S. A.

VINO DE SALUD
(WINE OF HEALTH.)

BEST OF ALL TONIC WINES

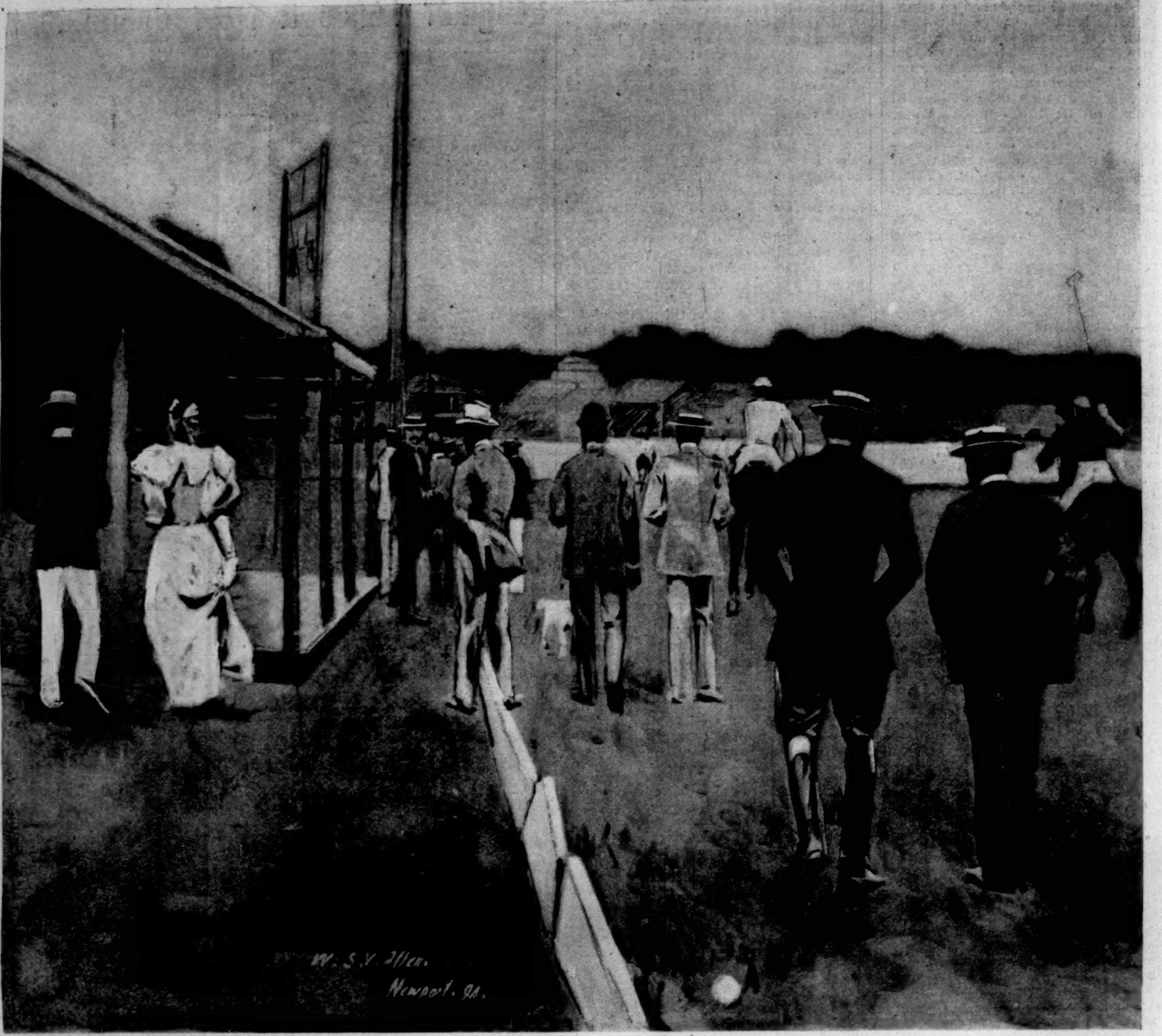
Composed of the purest "Lagrima" Wine of Spain and an infusion of the most healthful and beneficial barks and herbs known. Aids digestion, restores wasted tissue, induces sleep, gives tone and health to the entire system. La grippe and malaria are conquered by it.

Imported by ROCHE & CO., 503 5th Ave. and 120 Broadway, New York.

NO MORPHINE CHLORAL ANTI-PYRINE IN Bromo-Seltzer

It is an Effective, Effervescing Preparation, which corrects

DISORDERED STOMACH AND NERVOUS TROUBLES.


W. S. V. Allen.
Newport. 94.

BEFORE THE MATCH—KNOCKING THE BALL ABOUT ON NEWPORT POLO-GROUNDS.

AMATEVR - SPORT

ENGLISHMEN HAVE BEEN GIVING US several lessons in this sporting year of 1894. The Oxford-Yale games in July illustrated the superiority of common-sense Old World methods of training over those of the New. *Vigilant* has had several severe lessons in jockeying in her races against *Britannia*—lessons that we shall not put into practice in home waters—and now, only last week, Mr. M. F. Goodbody, the Irish expert, has shown us that in lawn-tennis the race is not always to the swiftest or most brilliant. I am very hopeful of these lessons to our college athletes and lawn-tennis players bearing fruit. This department has frequently commented on the unwise ultra-development of our athletes—of the tendency to overdoing training—and our opinion is well known among university men. At the moment we have to do with the lesson Mr. Goodbody has given us in lawn-tennis. First of all it should be said that our players—*i. e.*, our best ones—average much younger than the similar class in England, and therefore in comparison or play are handicapped just the difference between maturity and immaturity. F. H. Hovey, who is, I believe, the oldest by a couple of years of our leading players, is twenty-five, and they range down to Malcolm Chace, not yet in his majority. Mr. Goodbody is upwards of twenty-eight years of age, and all the English cracks average in that neighborhood. The early retirement of our tennis men from active play is one of the greatest hinderances to the betterment of a national standard.

So soon as one of our men is graduated from college, he more frequently than not gives up tournament play entirely, or practises so little that he can hardly keep in normal form, to say nothing of improving. There are to-day a dozen men, once first-class players, and still in the prime of young manhood, that are never seen in tournaments. R. L. Beeckman, H. A. Taylor, W. P. Knapp, H. W. Slocum, J. S. Clark, Q. A. Shaw, Jun., P. S. Sears, O. S. Campbell, R. P. Huntington, Jun., S. T. Chase, M. D. Smith, and R. D. Sears (who, however, has not been in health the last two years), all of them ranked with the first ten in their day, and three of them champions, and yet only one entered a tournament of any description in '94, and only two were seen at the Newport championships last week, even as spectators. Were these men playing to-day they would add the judgment and steadiness of maturity to their game, which Mr. Goodbody showed with such successful results in his week's work.

IMMATURITY IS THE SIGNAL DEFECT of our leading players, and unsteadiness its crowning feature. Ability to stand steady under fire is not a common attribute, I know; it is the exceptional man who has the requisite nerve to rise to the emergency at critical moments. It is the quality that enables us to keep our head and act promptly and to the best advantage, whether on the frontier or at effete Newport in a tennis match. But it is what counts, and no man can be a winner without it at any game. The quality may, in a degree, be cultivated, however, and that is one of the strongest reasons for my preaching so long and so earnestly on the value of athletics, wisely taken, in our schools and universities. A boy cannot be made as courageous as a lion, nor as steady as a veteran, unless he has some natural endowment in that direction, but he can be given the heart to grit his teeth and fight it out to the end, even though he be losing.

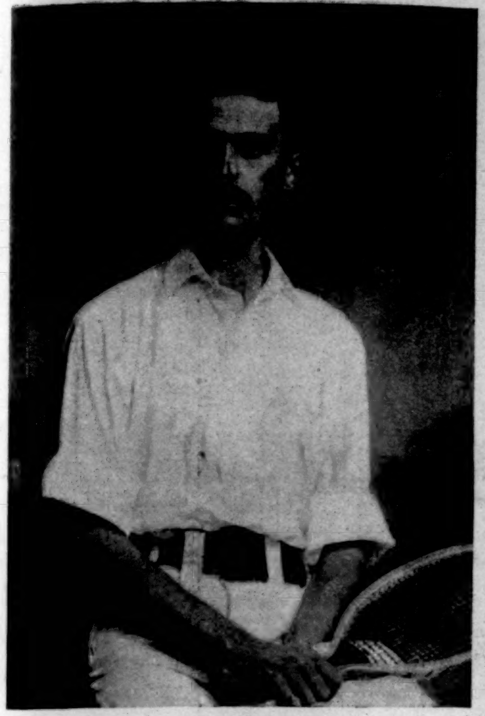
ONLY FIVE MEN AMONG THE MORE PROMINENT tennis-players seem, when in form, to be equal to playing their game from first to last, win or lose, viz., ex-champion O. S. Campbell, champion R. D. Wrenn, A. E. Foote, Richard Stevens, and V. G. Hall. There are at least two good reasons for the uncertainty of the majority: the first, and of course more important, is the disposition of the individual; the second, and which oftentimes influences the first, where the player is immature, is his undeveloped game. Nothing in the history of American lawn-tennis has so thoroughly demonstrated the undevelopment of game in our players as the week just ended at Newport. Besides admiring Mr. Goodbody as a good sportsman and a hard fighter, who never knows when he is beaten, I am inclined to look upon his visit to America as a blessing to American tennis. Unless greatly mistaken, I was not the only one at Newport to note the imperfections of our play as compared with that of the foreigner, who ranks ninth among Great Britain's cracks. It was perfectly apparent in his matches with Hovey, Hobart, and Larned, our best three players next to the champion, that while his opponents had streaks of brilliant play that completely eclipsed his comparatively duller game, and strokes that were much more effective and better tennis than any he had, yet every one of the three had perceptible weaknesses, on which he played continuously, to their eventual undoing. In other words, Goodbody's game was strong all round, supplemented by a very level head and a good heart.

Every one of the three has one particularly severe stroke, which he is always playing to, Hobart and Larned especially. Hovey has attempted more of an all-round game this year, and really made Goodbody work harder for victory than any of the others. If now Hovey will not retire from tennis, but stick to the development of strong all-round play, he will end next year with the best record of his career. Wrenn is unquestionably the strongest all-round player we have, though he does not equal Hovey or Hobart or Larned in their specialties. He uses his head in his game, and combines steadiness with all-round play—how well his victory over Goodbody, after the latter's defeat of all the others, tells.

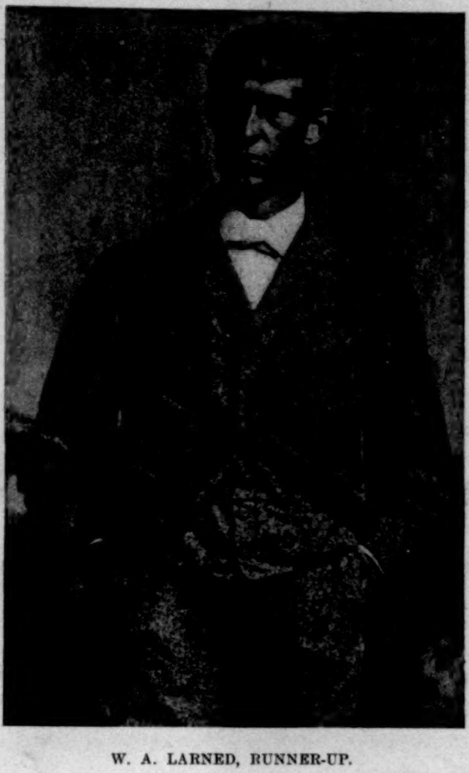
YET ANOTHER EVIDENCE OF OUR UNDEVELOPED PLAY was exploited to our sorrow at Newport. Our best exponents of the game do not apparently make any calculations beyond the stroke in hand, and depend too much on a brilliant spurt to win the point. Time and again in all of Goodbody's matches it was evident, after you had studied his game sufficiently close to become familiar with it, that he looked ahead several strokes. Our men are apt to centre all their hopes and effort on one masterful place, and oftentimes were entirely unprepared to handle skilfully the return Goodbody made of a ball they had thought to kill. If they returned it they were almost sure to make it more or less of an easy one, thus decreasing rather than increasing the demand on their opponent's skill. On the other hand, Goodbody appeared in a rally to make each stroke more severe than the other, and to keep his man on the run and guessing without cessation. If his opponent ran to the net he lobbed, and if he remained in the back court he dropped the balls inside the service-line. Moreover, he always pulled himself together instantly after a difficult return or a hard drive, and was ready nine times out of ten for his opponent's next, be it never so severe. Quite the reverse, our players were pretty sure to concentrate all effort in one brilliant play, and, in their seeming confidence in its efficacy, be entirely unprepared for another of equal severity were the ball unexpectedly returned to them.

THESE ARE THE REASONS for my styling our play immature, as revealed at the national championships, where the highest form in America is seen, and I repeat that if Mr. Goodbody's play tends to open the eyes of our Association and clubs to our defects, his visit will leave remembrances other than those incidental to making the acquaintance of so good a sportsman.

The only way to correct our shortcomings is by the earnest co-operation of the Association and clubs in elevating the standard of play at tournaments. The first step in this direction is the vigorous encouragement of players in local tennis centres throughout the country; the second, holding State, followed by sectional, championships, open only to *bona fide* residents; and the third, restricting the entries in the national championships to winners of sectional championships and to the first ten players of the country. To do this thoroughly and satisfactorily the National Association should extend its present narrow field of action, and have sectional divisions and local committees to encourage and supervise such tournaments, instead of trying to do it from the Atlantic coast, and with an executive committee composed practically of residents of New York and Brooklyn. It would take two or three years before we saw any appreciable results. That such a course would greatly raise the general standard of play, however, cannot be doubted by those who give the situation serious study. As it is now there is no incentive to the mediocre player, apart from individual enthusiasm, to better his form. All the best tourna-



M. F. GOODBODY, WINNER ALL COMERS.



W. A. LARNED, RUNNER-UP.

R. D. WRENN, CHAMPION.

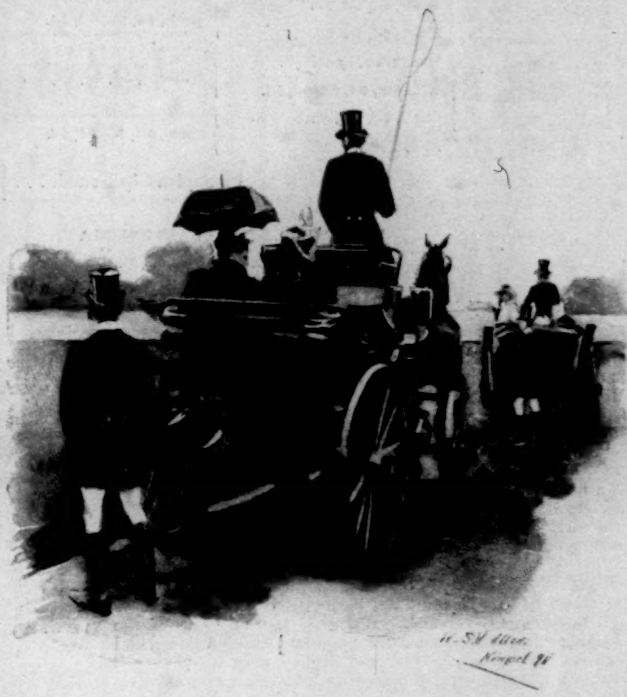
THE FOREMOST PLAYERS IN THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT NEWPORT.—From Photographs by Alman.

ments are restricted to a very few invited players. Whatever tournament play the duffer gets is of the most desultory and indifferent sort. Quite the most satisfactory results seen from this local encouragement plan were in the Massachusetts State championship, given by the Longwood Club, and they were gratifying enough to emphasize the value of a more general inauguration of the scheme.

Mr. J. T. Whittelsey, secretary of the Association, tells me an effort has been made through the clubs to encourage local play, but I am persuaded the effort has been too perfunctory. There must be a sectional division, and the tournaments invested with the dignity of championship play, before any results will be forth-coming. The Association must get in touch with the clubs through sectional divisions, and give the tournaments official supervision as well as recognition. I was of the opinion that the present condition of affairs would even warrant the Association in authorizing the sectional divisions, once they are established, to pay the expenses of their champions at Newport. At all events, the situation demands immediate and intelligent action by the Association, if we hope to get tennis out of the rut in which it has been dawdling for the past three years and raise the standard of our play. When a player who is ranked ninth in England successively defeats three of the best men in America, it is about time we did something to better our standard.

The meeting of Goodbody and Larned for the All Comers Cup, August 27th, probably more than any other match the former has had in America, revealed the heady play of the Irishman. He had met Larned three times before—at Longwood, Tuxedo, and Norwood—losing in the first two and winning in the last tournament, and his play on Monday at Newport showed careful analysis of his opponent's game. He knew Larned's weak and strong points, and persistently played to the former while carefully avoiding the latter. He gave the American as few opportunities as possible to get in his swift cross-court drives, but, on the other hand, offered many tempting lobs for his quasi-smash, which more often than not went into the net, as Goodbody calculated it would. He placed balls constantly on Larned's backhand, and they, too, were returned into the net, as the Irishman presaged. In fact, Goodbody's game was to give his opponent every chance to beat himself, and it worked to perfection. In nearly every rally Goodbody contented himself with returning the ball, confident that Larned would eventually drive it into the net or out of court, or give an opening for a pretty place, and most frequently the Irishman won the point.

Larned began the first set in good form, making some brilliant cross-court drives, and winning several deuce and vantage games, in one of which deuce was called nine times by the umpire. For the first time in his Newport play, too, Goodbody was a bit unsteady in a couple of games in the first set, making a double fault, a very unusual occurrence for him, and giving Larned several points on netted returns. But Goodbody very shortly pulled himself together, and in the second set played strongly and steadily, while Larned seemed to go utterly to pieces, driving out of court and into the net with a frequency that would have been scarcely pardonable in a second-class player. Larned began the third set very much as he had finished the second, but braced up after losing the first two games, and thereafter gave an exhibition of the beautiful tennis of which, when at his best, he is capable, Goodbody meanwhile playing carefully. The opening of the fourth set saw Larned maintaining the same hard pace, Goodbody sticking to him persistently, until he had the Irishman 4–0. Having won nine straight games, a let-up was expected from Larned, and it came with a vengeance, for Goodbody won three straight; and then, when Larned had him 5–3, and was at one time within two points of winning the sixth game, set, and All Comers, Goodbody pulled up to 5-all, and taking the next two games by fine play, won the set, and made the score two sets all.

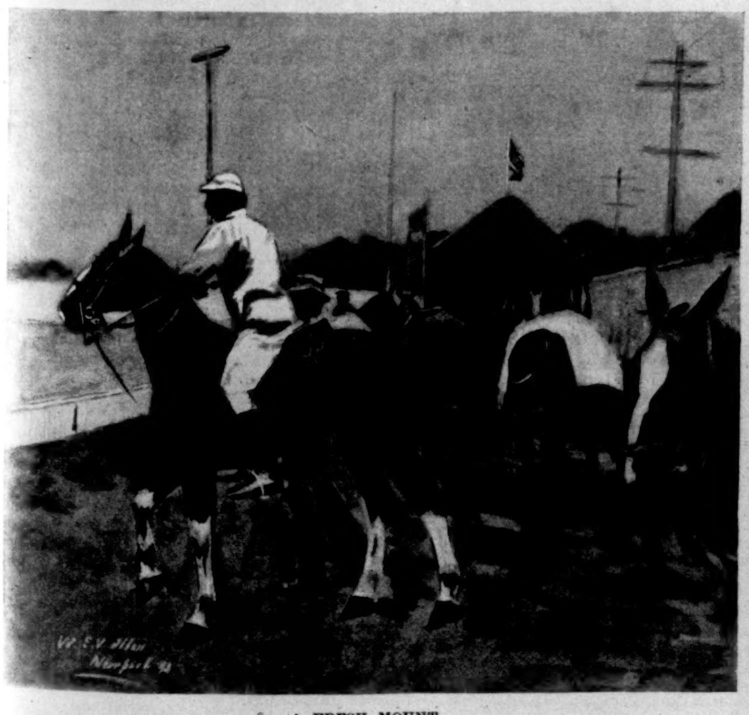


WATCHING THE POLO-PLAYERS.

The fifth and deciding set is best not dwelled upon; it was short and painful. Larned won two games, and gave six to Goodbody on three double faults and returns into net and drives out of court. It was a sorry ending for a man whose best game is the hardest and most brilliant of any American player, and who for want of steadiness lost the opportunity of meeting Wrenn for the championship of America.

Score.—Set 1, Points: Goodbody, 46; Larned, 53. Placed balls: G., 13; L., 23. Driven into net: G., 6; L., 22. Out of court: G., 23; L., 9. Faults: G., 1; L., 2. Set 2, Points: G., 28; L., 11. Placed: G., 3; L., 5. Net: G., 2; L., 11. Out: G., 4; L., 11. Faults: L., 3. Set 3, Points: G., 26; L., 35. Placed: G., 0; L., 16. Out: G., 12; L., 11. Net: G., 7; L., 12. Faults: L., 3. Set 4, Points: G., 45; L., 37. Placed: G., 9; L., 16. Net: G., 9; L., 16. Out: G., 12; L., 20. Set 5, Points: G., 29; L., 20. Placed: G., 4; L., 7. Net: G., 4; L., 13. Out: G., 8; L., 9. Faults: G., 1; L., 3. Total: G., 3 sets, 26 games, 174 aces; L., 2 sets, 20 games, 156 aces.

Mr. Goodbody won none of his matches by luck or by any of his opponents being out of practice, but by true Anglo-Saxon nerve and good tennis, and Wrenn won his victory over Goodbody by the same qualities, as a study of the accompanying analysis will show.



A FRESH MOUNT.

	Goodbody beat.						
	Sets.	Games.	Total Points.	Placed Balls.	Aces on Opponents' Outs.	Aces on Opponents' Into Net.	Aces on Opponents' Faults.
Hovey	G. 3	24	147	56	45	43	3
	H. 2	19	140	64	47	28	1
Hobart	G. 3	25	169	30	71	61	7
	H. 2	22	159	70	55	29	5
Larned	G. 3	26	174	29	60	74	11
	L. 2	20	156	67	59	28	2
	Wrenn beat.						
Goodbody	W. 3	24	152	74	44	30	4
	G. 1	17	127	46	53	28	0

The applause given Mr. Goodbody throughout the tournament was a feature of the Newport week. Certainly he deserved it, but it is gratifying to sportsmen to know that he received it, especially as he was bowling over our tennis *lares et penates*, and where sympathy with the fallen idols was deep. It was altogether, next to Mr. Wrenn's successful defence of the championship, quite the most enjoyable happening of the week.

The English ranking of Mr. Goodbody has not been fully understood up to now, but he himself gives it by explaining that he ranks among the best of the "fifteen" class, and that the form he has shown at Newport he thinks would unquestionably put him at the head of that class. This being so, he would, according to the American ranking, stand fourth among the leading players of Great Britain, Pim, Baddeley, and Renshaw being first, second, and third respectively. This raises the standard of our play, and adds lustre to Wrenn's performance.

We hope Mr. Goodbody will carry out his present intention of coming over next year; it will do much for our tennis, and we like to welcome a foreign athlete who is sportsman enough to come over at his own expense, and not ask us to pay his passage and keep, as did two of England's leading players this year, and as the cricketers almost invariably do.

The Wrenn-Goodbody match for the singles championship of America was without question the most master-

FOURTEENTH NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP, NEWPORT, AUGUST 21ST-28TH, 1894.

Preliminary Round.	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Fourth Round.	Finals.	Winner of All Comers.
	J. C. Davidson.	Thomson, 8-10, 5-7, 6-0, 6-3, 6-1.	Thomson, 8-6, 4-6, 4-6, 6-4, 6-3.	Read, 6-3, 6-1, 6-2.	Goodbody, 3-6, 6-0, 6-0, 6-1.	Goodbody, 4-6, 6-1, 2-6, 7-5, 6-2.
H. W. Warner, S. G. Thomson.	S. G. Thomson, 6-2, 0-6, 6-1, 6-2.					
W. G. Parker, E. K. McEnroe.	W. G. Parker, by default.	Parker, 6-4, 6-3, 6-4.				
John Howland, W. W. Reese.	J. Howland, 6-3, 6-0, 6-3.					
William P. Herrick, C. Cragin.	C. Cragin, by default.	Cragin, 6-1, 6-2, 6-2.	Read, 3-6, 6-4, 8-6, 6-2.			
Charles Bradley, Jun., C. R. Budlong.	C. Bradley, Jun., by default.					
J. B. Read, A. E. Thomas.	J. B. Read, 7-5, 6-2, 6-1.	Read, 7-5, 6-3, 1-6, 3-6, 7-5				
M. Fielding, George H. Crocker.	G. H. Crocker, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3.					
A. E. Foote, Q. A. Shaw.	A. E. Foote, 6-2, 6-2, 6-4.	Foote, 6-4, 6-1, 6-2.	Hobart, 2-6, 6-1, 6-3, 6-3.	Goodbody, 6-2, 6-2, 2-6, 3-6, 8-6.		
R. Stanley Howland, G. C. Hinckley.	Howland, 4-6, 6-8, 7-5, 6-1, 6-2.					
Silas D. Reed, C. Hobart.	C. Hobart, 6-1, 6-2, 6-1.	Hobart, 7-5, 6-4, 6-4.				
James Terry, Edwin P. Fischer.	Fischer, 6-1, 7-5, 6-2.					
A. W. Post, Ewing Stillé.	A. W. Post, 6-1, 6-4, 6-2.	Hovey, 6-1, 6-2, 6-2.	Goodbody, 2-6, 6-4, 6-1, 4-6, 6-2.			
F. H. Hovey, Robert C. Sands	Hovey, 6-2, 6-0, 6-1.					
George F. Brown, E. A. Wilkie.	Brown, by default.	Goodbody, 6-1, 6-2, 6-3.				
M. F. Goodbody, Robert A. Rowan.	Goodbody, 6-3, 6-2, 6-1.					
Condé Nast, Richard Stevens.	Stevens, by default.	Stevens, 6-1, 6-4, 6-3.	Stevens, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3.	Larned, 6-2, 4-6, 6-3, 8-6.	Larned, 6-4, 6-2, 8-6.	
H. H. Dickey, G. P. Herrick.	Herrick, 6-2, 6-2, 6-1.					
L. E. Ware, G. W. Lee.	G. W. Lee, 6-3, 6-3, 6-1.	Hall, 6-4, 5-7, 6-1, 6-3.				
V. G. Hall, E. L. Hall.	V. G. Hall, 6-4, 1-6, 6-2, 3-6, 6-3.					
R. B. Cutting, F. W. Taylor.	Cutting, 6-4, 6-4, 6-3.	Neel, 6-3, 6-1, 6-1.	Larned, 6-3, 2-6, 6-3, 3-6, 6-4.			
Alfred Codman, C. B. Neel.	Neel, 6-0, 6-1, 6-0.					
W. A. Larned, O. M. Bostwick.	Larned, 6-3, 6-3, 6-4.	Larned, 6-2, 6-0, 6-1.				
N. H. Lord, W. C. Grant.	Lord, 6-1, 6-2, 4-6, 6-3.					
B. S. Watson, Hiram Kendall.	Watson, 1-6, 6-0, 6-4, 6-3.	Miller, 6-3, 6-1, 8-6.	Sands, 6-1, 6-3, 6-1.	Chace, 7-5, 6-2, 7-5.		
F. Donahue, Deane Miller.	Miller, 6-1, 6-4, 6-2.					
C. E. Sands, R. Hickox.	Sands, 6-2, 6-1, 6-0.	Sands, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2, 6-1.				
S. L. Smith, Louis J. Grant.	Smith, 6-1, 6-0, 6-1.					
E. A. Thomson, Walter McKittrick.	McKittrick, by default.	Williston, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-4.	Chace, 6-0, 6-1, 6-2.			
E. Wrenn, Arthur L. Williston.	Williston, 6-4, 6-2, 6-8, 6-4.					
F. Morgan, M. G. Chace.	Chace, 6-3, 6-2, 6-2.	Chace, 5-7, 6-3, 6-2, 6-4.				
	H. E. Avery.					

Championship Round. . . . { R. D. Wrenn, present champion, M. F. Goodbody, winner of All Comers. } Wrenn, 6-8, 6-1, 6-4, 6-4.

INTER-SCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

W. G. Parker (Columbia), L. E. Ware (Harvard).	Parker, 2-6, 6-2, 0-6, 6-3, 6-4.	Parker, 6-1, 6-2, 6-2.
S. G. Thomson (Princeton), E. P. Trowbridge (Yale).	Thomson, by default.	

DOUBLE CHAMPIONSHIP.

C. Hobart and F. H. Hovey (Champions 1893), C. B. Neel and S. R. Neel (Challengers).	Hobart and Hovey, 6-3, 8-6, 6-1.

Consolation won by Evart Wrenn.

ful exhibition of head, heart, and hand that has been seen within my recollection on any court in this country. For the first time in America Goodbody met a man who had the head to use the utmost skill of his racket where his opponent was most vulnerable, and the heart to play his game at critical moments, and to play it to the very last. Wrenn, in other words, is one of the very few tennis-players whom we may count upon to "die in the last ditch." Probably Goodbody lacked just a bit of the steam he had shown in the early part of the tournament, but it was not wanting in sufficient quantity to have influenced the result of the match. When Wrenn is in form I do not believe Goodbody or any player in America could defeat him; further than that, I am as confident that he could not be defeated by the best player we have ever developed. Wrenn is the only one of the leading American players who plays an all-round game, and while Hobart and Larned and Hovey may have special strokes that are severer and more brilliant, it may be invariably depended upon that specialties do not win matches when the opponent is clever enough to avoid them. Good head and good tennis are a surer combination than poor judgment and occasional brilliancy.

Wrenn knew that Goodbody was a player who could not be beaten by dependence on hard cross-court drives or brilliant passes at the net, and he did not butt his head against a stone wall by persistently driving at Goodbody when the latter was at the net, as Larned had done.

When the Irishman ran to the net Wrenn lobbed, and when Goodbody was in the back court he got to the net and made some beautiful places. He had an opponent in Goodbody who was just as hard a player as he, and used his head to equal advantage; and Wrenn was called on, therefore, not only to play with accurate judgment, but to handle the most difficult returns with rare skill and unhesitatingly. But he was equal to the occasion, and proved himself a general.

His extraordinary getting of most difficult returns has never been excelled, and only equalled by Goodbody himself. Probably his most brilliant exhibition was his clever handling of Goodbody's lobs, sometimes on the run, now from the back of the court, again at the service-line, but always accurately. In fact, the very few times he returned these into the net was astonishing. His own lobbing was finely done, and in the several long rallies, he more often than not won the point. The volleying of both men at the net was remarkably clever, and one rally was the most sensationally brilliant that has ever been seen.

One could write a chapter on the match, since it was full of brilliant detail from beginning to end. Wrenn begun the first set at a great pace, which he maintained until he had the Irishman 5–1, when Goodbody began that persevering, plucky uphill play that has characterized all his work, and not only kept Wrenn from getting the needed game, but on fine placing and good volleying at the net finally won the set, 8–6, after many deuce and vantage games. Wrenn's work in the second set was wonderfully good, his backhand returns being probably the most notable; he won the first two games, and after Goodbody had taken the third, he took the next four and the set, 6–1.

To take up the remaining two sets in detail would be to write a eulogy on the play of both men. Both kept up the pace, and neither lost in skill or judgment, but Wrenn was the cleverer, and he won. Score: 6–8, 6–1, 6–4, 6–4.

On the season's play I should rank the first ten: R. D. Wrenn, M. F. Goodbody, W. A. Larned, F. H. Hovey, Malcolm Chace, Clarence Hobart, W. G. Parker, Richard Stevens, C. R. Budlong, A. G. Fisk.

Carr Neel is a strong player who would undoubtedly have a look in here, had he played enough in the East to make comparison. Mr. Goodbody, in defeating three of the best players of the year, has made a record not equalled by any other winner of the All Comers since its establishment.

RANKING OF THE FIRST TEN PLAYERS SINCE 1885.

	1885.	1886.	1887.
1.	R. D. Sears	R. D. Sears	R. D. Sears
2.	J. Dwight	J. Dwight	H. W. Slocum
3.	W. V. R. Berry	R. L. Beeckman	R. L. Beeckman
4.	G. M. Brinley	H. A. Taylor	H. A. Taylor
5.	J. S. Clark	J. S. Clark	J. S. Clark
6.	A. Moffat	H. W. Slocum	F. S. Mansfield
7.	R. L. Beeckman	G. M. Brinley	P. S. Sears
8.	H. A. Taylor	F. S. Mansfield	G. M. Brinley
9.	F. S. Mansfield.	A. Moffat	E. P. MacMullen
10.	W. P. Knapp	J. S. Conover	Q. A. Shaw, Jr.

	1888.	1889.	1890.
1.	H. W. Slocum	H. W. Slocum	O. S. Campbell
2.	H. A. Taylor	Q. A. Shaw, Jr.	R. P. Huntington, Jr.
3.	J. Dwight	O. S. Campbell	W. P. Knapp
4.	J. S. Clark	H. A. Taylor	H. W. Slocum
5.	C. A. Chase	C. A. Chase	F. H. Hovey
6.	P. S. Sears	J. S. Clark	C. Hobart
7.	E. P. MacMullen	W. P. Knapp	P. S. Sears
8.	O. S. Campbell	R. P. Huntington, Jr.	H. A. Taylor
9.	R. L. Beeckman	P. S. Sears	C. A. Chase
10.	F. S. Mansfield	F. S. Mansfield	V. G. Hall

	1891.	1892.	1893.
1.	O. S. Campbell	O. S. Campbell	R. D. Wrenn
2.	C. Hobart	E. L. Hall	C. Hobart
3.	R. P. Huntington, Jr.	W. P. Knapp	F. H. Hovey
4.	F. H. Hovey	C. Hobart	M. G. Chace
5.	E. L. Hall	F. H. Hovey	W. A. Larned
6.	V. G. Hall	W. A. Larned	E. L. Hall
7.	P. S. Sears	M. G. Chace	R. Stevens
8.	S. T. Chase	R. D. Wrenn	A. E. Foote
9.	C. T. Lee	R. Stevens	John Howland
10.	M. D. Smith	C. P. Hubbard	C. R. Budlong

AMERICAN LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

SINGLES.

	Champions.	Winners All Comers.	Runners Up.
1881.	R. D. Sears	R. D. Sears	W. E. Glyn
1882.	R. D. Sears	R. D. Sears	C. M. Clark
1883.	R. D. Sears	R. D. Sears	James Dwight
1884.	R. D. Sears	H. A. Taylor	W. V. S. Thorne
1885.	R. D. Sears	G. M. Brinley	W. P. Knapp
1886.	R. D. Sears	R. L. Beeckman	H. A. Taylor
1887.	R. D. Sears	H. W. Slocum, Jr.	H. A. Taylor
1888.	H. W. Slocum, Jr.*	H. W. Slocum, Jr.	H. A. Taylor
1889.	H. W. Slocum, Jr.	Q. A. Shaw, Jr.	O. S. Campbell
1890.	O. S. Campbell*	O. S. Campbell	W. P. Knapp
1891.	O. S. Campbell	C. Hobart	F. H. Hovey
1892.	O. S. Campbell	F. H. Hovey	W. A. Larned
1893.	R. D. Wrenn*	R. D. Wrenn	F. H. Hovey
1894.	R. D. Wrenn	M. F. Goodbody	W. A. Larned

* Default.

DOUBLES.

	Champions.	Runners Up.
1881.	C. M. Clark and F. W. Taylor	A. Van Rensselaer and A. E. Newbold
1882.	R. D. Sears and James Dwight	W. Nightingale and G. M. Smith.
1883.	R. D. Sears and James Dwight	A. Van Rensselaer and A. E. Newbold
1884.	R. D. Sears and James Dwight	A. Van Rensselaer and W. V. R. Berry
1885.	R. D. Sears and J. S. Clark	H. W. Slocum, Jr., and W. P. Knapp
1886.	R. D. Sears and James Dwight	H. A. Taylor and G. M. Brinley
1887.	R. D. Sears and James Dwight	H. A. Taylor and H. W. Slocum, Jr.
1888.	O. S. Campbell and V. G. Hall	C. Hobart and E. P. MacMullen
1889.	H. W. Slocum, Jr., and H. A. Taylor	V. G. Hall and O. S. Campbell
1890.	V. G. Hall and C. Hobart	C. W. Carver and J. A. Ryerson
1891.	O. S. Campbell and R. P. Huntington, Jr.	V. G. Hall and C. Hobart
1892.	O. S. Campbell and R. P. Huntington, Jr.	V. G. Hall and E. L. Hall
1893.	C. Hobart and F. H. Hovey	J. S. Hall and S. T. Chase
1894.	C. Hobart and F. H. Hovey	C. B. Neel and S. R. Neel

THE NEWPORT POLO WEEK, instead of furnishing more interesting play than last year, as was hoped it would, turned out to be even less successful, as was feared it might. Much was expected from a meeting of the Meadow Brook, Rockaway, and Myopia teams, but the last was the only one to appear intact, Meadow Brook being disorganized by the inability of Mr. Hitchcock to play, and Rockaway by Mr. Foxhall Keene being in mourning. Again the scarcity of first-class players was demonstrated, and again the short-sightedness of polo clubs, in not enlarging the class, emphasized. Unless the coming year brings us a change, we shall be obliged shortly to look upon polo simply as a diversion of the *jeunesse dorée* rather than one of the sports of the year. The average of sportsmen among the polo set is very low—about one in ten, I should say; the majority show most selfish and unsportsmanlike proclivities, and, what is more deplorable, their clubs seem to be no better.

Some fair polo was seen in the match between the so-called second teams of Meadow Brook and Rockaway for the Newport Individual Cups. The former, made up of Winthrop Rutherford, H. P. Whitney, H. K. Vingut, and W. C. Eustis, played well together, and won a rather easy victory; Rutherford being in good form, and Whitney showing considerable improvement over his play at Rockaway last year. Rockaway was unfortunate in Mr. Stowe, who is the best of their second team, hurting his hand, though he played through and did the best of his side.

The best match at Newport, however, was that between the Myopia regular team—A. P. Gardner, R. G. Shaw, R. M. Appleton, and R. L. Agassiz—and one made up of W. C. Eustis, John E. Cowdin, H. P. Whitney, and Winthrop Rutherford, and called the Newports. The match was to have been between Myopia and Rockaway, but the latter could not get its men together. The game was full of sharp, close play from start to finish, and the winning of the Newports by an actual score of 10½ goals to 3¼ was considerable of a surprise to the Boston contingent. Myopia was outplayed on every point of the game; the Newports not only played strongly individually, but their team-work was greatly superior to that of Myopia. Cowdin captained his men to perfection, and his fine coaching kept the team together on all occasions, besides which his own game, as it is always, was of the highest order, his work outclassing that of Shaw. Eustis put up the best game he has shown this year, playing his position cleverly, and making one very brilliant goal after an unaided run. Newport was particularly strong on the defensive, invariably saving it in a rally where Myopia had worked the ball down to their goal. Agassiz and Shaw played brilliantly, but Myopia's team-work was loose.

The result of this game is a match between Myopia and Rockaway for a $500 stake, to be played for on the Country Club of Brookline grounds this month. I suppose these teams have not sufficient sportsmanship to fight out their rivalry for mere cups, and so they whet their appetites by a cash prize. If they had the proper amateur spirit they would not dream of such an innovation. Every man who plays for that $500 will be a professional. Sportsmen view with regret a spirit that prompts gentlemen to place themselves on a par with professional scullers and six-day go-as-you-please pedestrians.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"PRACTICAL LAWN-TENNIS."—BY JAMES DWIGHT, M.D.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, PRICE $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

No Sediment.
C. H. EVANS & SONS
INDIA PALE ALE

To create an appreciative appetite and promote a natural feeling of perfect health and robustness, drink

C. H. Evans & Sons
India Pale Ale
and
Brown Stout

The Creamy Head, Mellow Flavor, and Absence of False Fermentation demonstrate the high character of the ingredients from which these brewings are produced. Consumers experience a pleasure not associated with any other brand.

By bottling at the Brewery we are enabled to insure the absolute purity of our brewings.

Order through your dealer.

C. H. Evans & Sons
Brewers of highest grade Ale and Stout for over 100 years.
Hudson, - - New York.

SAVE ½ YOUR FUEL
By using our (stove pipe) **RADIATOR.** It has **120 Cross Tubes where 4866 sq. in. of iron get intensely hot, thus making ONE stove or furnace do the work of TWO. Send postal for proofs from prominent men. To introduce our Radiator, the first order from each neighborhood filled at the WHOLESALE price, thus securing an agency. Write at once.**
ROCHESTER RADIATOR CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"Disfigured For Life"

**Is the despairing cry of thousands afflicted with unsightly skin diseases.
Do you realize what this disfiguration means to sensitive souls?
It means isolation, seclusion.
It is a bar to social and business success.
Do you wonder that despair seizes upon these sufferers when
Doctors fail, standard remedies fail,
And nostrums prove worse than useless?
Skin diseases are most obstinate to cure.
CUTICURA REMEDIES
Have earned the title Skin Specifics,
Because for years they have met with most remarkable success.
There are cases that they cannot cure, but they are few indeed.
It is no long-drawn-out expensive experiment.
25 cents invested in CUTICURA SOAP
Will prove more than we dare claim.
In short CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS,
And its cures are simply marvelous.**

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

☞ "How to Cure Every Skin Disease," free.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

If afflicted with sore eyes use **Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

VIN MARIANI

FORTIFIES
NOURISHES
STIMULATES
REFRESHES
Body and Brain

Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.
AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.

Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.

MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., NEW YORK.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

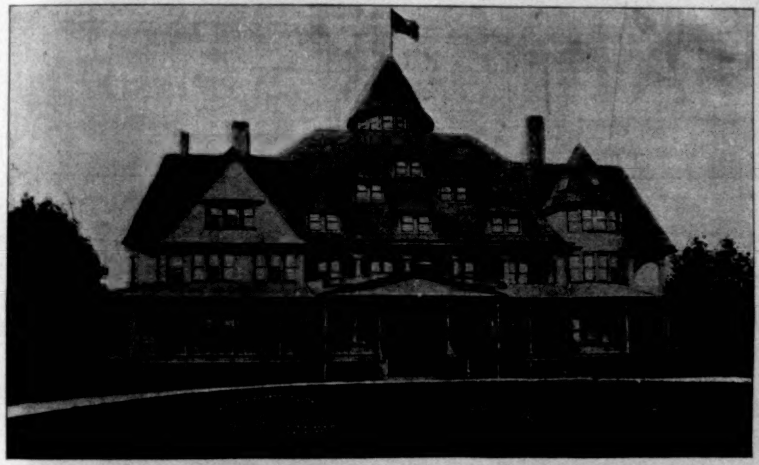
Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S—O—H—M—E—R.

HARPER'S NEW CATALOGUE,

Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.



This beautiful property is for sale

The highest point of ground between L. Michigan and the Mississippi River.

If you were to hunt over the entire West, you would not find a more delightful, charming, or healthful spot than **Glen Ellyn Springs.**

The Hotel Building, shown in the illustration, is **new.** It contains 100 complete and elegantly furnished rooms, also Reception Parlors, Library, Smoking-Room, Billiard-Room, Offices, etc. Hot and cold water, sanitary plumbing, electric calls, gas plant, and every modern convenience.

. . **COST OF BUILDING AND FURNISHINGS, $96,000** . .

The Park and Lake

surrounding and adjacent to the Hotel building, makes a charming contribution and completes the artistic ensemble that is a constant delight to the appreciative eye. Within a stone's-throw may be found wooded hills, wild ravines, bosky dells, winding brooks, and the waving grass of meadows. There are in all 116 acres. Of this area the Lake covers 36 acres.

A VIEW OF THE LAKE.

Six Mineral Springs

are located on the property, each possessing a distinct and different medicinal value. Declared by expert analysts equal to the best American waters.

Apollo Spring (the largest and separate from the group) is unrivalled in sparkling purity, and for a table water is unsurpassed by any other spring in the world. $11,000 worth of Apollo water sold during the season of '93 without one dollar's worth of advertising. One of the best mineral spring properties in America. This spring flows 90 gallons of water per minute. **All this** within 14 miles of the great city of Chicago. 20 fast express trains daily.

EMINENTLY SUITED FOR
A SUBURBAN HOTEL, SUMMER OR WINTER RESORT,
A CLUB HOUSE, ROAD HOUSE, SANITARIUM,
OR A PRIVATE SCHOOL OR SEMINARY.

If you are interested in any of these enterprises, I will be pleased to enter into correspondence. Prices, terms, and particulars, address,

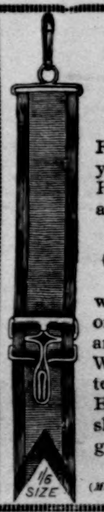
C. E. RAYMOND, Special Sales Agent,
707 Rookery, CHICAGO.

PAVILION OVER GROUP OF FIVE SPRINGS.

KNOWLEDGE

brings comfort and improvement, and tends to personal enjoyment, when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting, in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling Colds, Headaches and Fevers, and permanently curing Constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions, and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in **50 cent** and **$1.00** bottles, but it is manufactured by the **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.** only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name **Syrup of Figs;** and, being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



This Silk Watch Fob.

For the sake of making you acquainted with the Harris Garter for Men, and other of the famous *Harris Patents* Trade Mark. we will send you a book on the subject for 10 cents, and a handsome Silk Watch Fob with a guaranteed Gold Plated buckle. Every comfort-loving man should know about these goods.

Wire Buckle Suspender Co.,
(M.O. Dept.) **Williamsport, Pa.**

C. A. R. Annual Encampment

Low Rates to Pittsburg

Interest in the annual reunions of the Grand Army of the Republic and Naval Veterans Association grows with each succeeding year, not only among the veterans themselves, but among all patriotic citizens of the republic.

The encampment this year at Pittsburg, from present indications, promises to be as interesting and enthusiastic as any reunion since the war. Thousands of veterans from all parts of the country will be present, and Pittsburg will surpass herself in showing them her hospitality.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. will sell excursion tickets from all ticket stations on its line east of the Ohio River, for all trains September 6th to 10th, valid for return passage on all trains until September 25th, inclusive, at one fare for the round trip.

For more detailed information, write to C. P. Craig. Gen'l Eastern Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., New York, N. Y.

AGENTS FOR AN ILLUSTRATED COLOR WORK
Nothing like it. Sells at sight. Circulars free.
POOLE BROS., 316 Dearborn St., Chicago.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES
HAY-FEVER
PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS

This INK made by
J. HARPER BONNELL CO.